

EXCURSIONS
IN IRELAND
DURING 1844 AND 1850.

WITH A VISIT TO
THE LATE DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

BY
CATHERINE M. O'CONNELL.

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EXCURSIONS IN IRELAND

DURING 1844 AND 1850.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO IRELAND.—ARRIVAL AT KINGSTOWN.
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 DRIVE FROM KINGSTOWN. — DALKEY OBELISK. — VILLAGE OF
 BRAY.—EXCURSION TO THE DARGLE.—PICTURESQUE COUNTRY.
 —“UNCIVILIZED IRISH.”—BEGGARS.—POWERSCOURT WATER-
 FALL.

July, 1844.

THE evening was most beautiful, calm and clear; the sea around the steamer breaking into tiny waves sparkling in the beams of the glorious setting sun. And now we turn to look on the receding shores of Wales, and now on the still distant hills of the Irish coast, coming more and more clearly into view, and as we approach them, beautifully defined against the cloudless western horizon; for a brief space an unbroken mass of gold, and now fading into the soberer hues of twilight, and then deepening into night. It was a beauteous picture, and was likely to call up varied thoughts of the past and the present, of the two lands separated by that little span of water; the one which we had left so singularly

favoured by a prosperous fate; the other we were coming to, so bountifully blessed by nature, and so tried by adversity; both united by laws, as yet by nothing more.

We pass the Kingstown light-house, and in a few minutes are alongside the pier, and we touch Irish ground near the spot where George IV. embarked in 1821. Such a chorus of voices greet our arrival, the strongly marked Dublin accent forcibly striking the stranger's ear.

"Shall we take supper in Kingstown, or go on at once to Dublin!" asked a pallid-looking traveller of his companion, both having been invisible during our little voyage.

"I'm thinking, sir, you'll have more mind for it after the drive," said a merry-faced porter, as he appropriated the querist's huge portmanteau for his share.

A very short transit brought us to an excellent hotel, and the traveller who could find fault with it must be most fastidious. The morning sun shone a welcome to us, and from the windows of the hotel the view was delightful. Below the harbour, quite full of shipping, here a merchant vessel, and here a pretty yacht, with their sails unfurled—one for business, the other for pleasure—while combining both is the steamer smoking away at the quay.

Kingstown harbour was formed by the erection of two piers, the eastern one said to be over 5000 feet long, and the western over 3000 ; the first-named is the fashionable promenade, and a walk in the early morning to the light-house brought us to a lovely view ; the bay of Dublin, at this hour, at least, like the far-famed bay of Naples, to which it has so often been likened, in the deep clear blue of its waters, stretching across to the hill of Howth, still capped with a fleecy morning cloud ; and returning towards Kingstown the pretty town lies before us, the church, as it ought to do, showing distinctly among the buildings around it, and backed by the mountains, all looking bright in the summer sunshine.

It is unanimously agreed that the day is too fine to think of a dusty city, and instead of taking the rail for Dublin, we order cars for Bray ; the real Irish car, said to be so characteristic of the soil, where the one view of the question guides the parties that unfortunately divide the country. Alas ! that each party should adhere so pertinaciously to its own side, and not turn round in a friendly spirit to see the good that springs amid the evil on every side of our paths through life !

In the best dispositions towards mankind in general, we *mounted* our cars ; and the word is

not misplaced, so high were the seats ; and we rewarded our driver's first attempt at agreeability by a hearty laugh, though the story was an old one.

“Perhaps the ladies don't know the difference between an inside and an outside car?” said Jem ; “an Englishman once asked the question, and he was told that the inside car has the wheels outside, and an outside car has the wheels inside.”

The drive from Kingstown to Bray was through a very pretty country dotted over with villas in every variety of suburban taste, and names rather misplaced ; here a — Hall, judging by the house, I should decide the so-called apartment could contain two chairs, a hat, and perhaps umbrella-stand ; and here we pass a — Park, of about four acres in extent, from which a notice nailed to a tree warns off all trespassers, or else “They WILL be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.”

The obelisk that we see on the hill over Dalkey was erected many years ago by a benevolent individual to give relief and work at a time of dire distress. “Why did he not build something useful?” asks the Joseph Hume of our party : “what thoughtless and useless benevolence ! but it was quite Irish.”

Bray is a straggling village ; being near some

of the beautiful scenery of the county Wicklow, it is much frequented during the summer months, and the drive from Kingstown to it is very agreeable, the road now bringing us glimpses of the blue sea, and sweet mountain views.

Our first excursion was to the Dargle, and we loitered through it, enjoying the coolness of its shade, the more adventurous amongst us climbing down the steep sides to catch new views of the noisy river, enclosed by such luxuriant woods, the full rich sunshine streaming through them on the glancing waters, and on the perpendicular cliffs. The effect was beautiful.

On one side of this magnificent ravine is the demesne of Tinnahinch, bought by the nation for its independent orator, the late Henry Grattan.

From the Dargle to Powerscourt waterfall, we came through a most picturesque country, admirable in its native beauty, but far more so in the rural comfort of its little homesteads; save for the mountains, we could fancy ourselves among the "cottage homes" of southern England. There was no appearance of poverty, and all around, from the woman knitting by her cabin-door, to the strong-looking workmen so diligently earthing their fields of early potatoes, showed the contentment of industry, which I have vainly sought in other parts of Ireland.

We entered one cottage, and its pretty exterior covered with woodbines, roses, and ivy, corresponded with the neatness within; the only inmate received us with a ready smile, and dusting the straw-bottomed chairs asked us to be seated; she looked a picture of the cheerful happiness she acknowledged she felt; her husband had plenty of work, was a “dacent, quiet boy,” her children were at school, and they had a good lease of their “little place.” She brought a cup of milk for an English lady of our party, and stoutly refused any remuneration—telling us with a tact which I gave her great credit for, that she had a sister in London married to an Englishman, and that “his people were very kind to Mary.”

I have often heard the “uncivilized Irish” spoken unkindly of, and very unfavourable contrasts drawn between their mode of life, and that of their wealthier neighbours. Poor Paddy gladly takes the simplest food, and if he have enough of it is a happy man; and his neighbour John prospers on his three good meals; and the French peasant contents himself with his *potage* and vegetable diet. In the matter of food surely we shall not decide their relative degree of civilization.

I have attentively studied the Irish character. I know all its national virtues, and, too, its national faults; and totally uneducated as the poorest

among Ireland's very poor classes may be, I maintain there is, in that peasant's nature, in the wildest district of the country, a civilization which prompts respect and politeness to a stranger, that you may unsuccessfully seek for in the peasantry of happier England.

I know, and knowing regret it deeply, that in many parts the national character has been demoralized, and the thirst of gain has replaced an open-hearted generosity. I will instance Killybegs, where in late years the vast influx of strangers, the greater portion of them rich and carelessly-generous Englishmen, has taught the poor mountaineer how easy it is to earn a shilling, and how much more agreeable to get it for a song, a jig, “a plate of wild fruits,” “a taste of potheen,” or even for attending your honour, than to toil for the half of it during a long summer's day.

The path to this cottage was through a pretty garden, abundance of common flowers blooming in the borders, and the little gate in un-Irish style, in good repair. There was no poverty here, the flowers plainly said so, and I have ever found that the very poor do not cultivate flowers; theirs is a struggle through a life of hopeless apathy; to gain the bare necessities of life is with them the only object; the country child will cull that pretty

field-flowers, and string together a daisy-chain, the various tints of the “modest tipped flower” tastefully blended together.

In some of our rambles we came upon a group of beggars; there was the mother, hunger plainly showing in her pinched features, and in the pallid face of the baby in her arms, and some sturdy children of various ages followed her; two of them had lingered behind, and one had a bunch of hedge-flowers, and the other held exultingly in her hand a daisy-chain she had just finished: from the first the mother snatched the flowers, and scattered them about, telling her in the expressive idiom of her native language, “that there were no flowers for such.” It was painfully true; and it would have required the gentle earnestness of a Mrs. Fry to reason the poor woman into better feelings. Those pretty lines of Mrs. Howitt on flowers came to my mind.

“Wherefore, wherefore were they made
All tinged with golden light,
All fashion’d with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

“To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whensoever his faith is dim,
For whoso careth much for flowers
Will much more care for Him!”

Under the shade of a spreading tree, close to

Powerscourt waterfall, was a gay picnic party, whose merry peals of laughter made, to my ears, a pleasanter accompaniment to the falling waters, than the rather discordant music of a piper and two fiddlers who played away in a business-like manner.

The fall has nothing grand about it; it is a very pretty fall, and foaming down the steep ledge of rock, its spray dashing on us as we stood directly in front of it, brought a most refreshing coolness after the pleasant fatigues of the morning.

Homewards bound towards Bray, we drove through the Glen of the Downs, and then saw the evening shades falling around from Bray head, looking on the magnificent view from its summit, combining sea and mountains, and cultivated valleys, and our good night to the Sugar-loaf showed its cone all gilded by the sun's last rays, meriting for it its native name of the "golden spear."

CHAPTER II.

THE SCALP.—LOUGH BRAY.—ENTER DUBLIN.—DUBLIN BEGGARS.
—STEPHEN'S GREEN.—FOUNDATION OF DUBLIN.—CONTRAST
BETWEEN LONDON AND DUBLIN.—IRISH IMPROVIDENCE.—
TRINITY COLLEGE.—BANK OF IRELAND.—ROYAL DUBLIN
SOCIETY'S HOUSE.—ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.—SISTERS OF
CHARITY.—VICEROY OF IRELAND.

A GREAT deal of rain had fallen during the early morning, and some dark heavy clouds still threatened us with occasional showers, but the tourist in Ireland will soon learn not to fear them, and in defiance of more than one prognostic that the day would be dreadfully wet, we left Bray. The bright rain-drops glistened on the hedges, and the meadow-flowers sent forth such sweet perfumes, and the clear atmosphere bringing distant objects into view, made us gratefully acknowledge the benefit of summer showers.

We passed through the Scalp, a narrow pass between two steep rocks, apparently rent asunder in some convulsion of nature, and coming, by unfrequented mountain-roads, to Lough Bray, we stopped often in our ascent to take in the full

beauty of the lovely panoramic view before us : below was the bay, river, and city of Dublin, with its numerous environs, and, looming up in the background, the lofty mountains of Down.

A contrast to this landscape is wild, secluded Lough Bray, now dark in the deep shade of the mountain above it. Here is a large military police-barrack, and we ask is it possible that such is needed in this sequestered spot, and we are told that the police are well paid, and have little else to do than to fish, and that they are "civil, well-spoken, humane men."

Descending the mountains, we pass through several villages, and by innumerable villas, and, late in the afternoon, we enter Dublin ; the streets are crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and with vehicles in every variety, the "outside car" far preponderating.

Ah ! there by a pastrycook's, and again by a baker's, are several beggars ; there is no mistaking the wretched rags, the feet without shoe or stocking ; but, look at them ; on their merry faces there are no traces of a consciousness of past or present misery ; they seem enjoying life in their own way, and now, with a cringing tone, they beg a trifle, and now they turn with a jest to their companions. An elderly lady has just left the baker's, and, from a basket, she takes a loaf, and

gives it between two young children ; blessings on her benevolence ! I hope it will not teach them how sweet is the bread of idleness !

Our hotel windows look on Stephen's Green, the largest square in Europe, and pleasing, I think, in the want of uniformity of its houses.

A knock at the door, and in comes a dear friend, resident in Dublin, full of hospitable and kind plans, and bent on our taking away with us pleasant recollections of his city. We place ourselves under his guidance, and he proves to be

“ The finest guide that eyer you see,
For he knows every place of curiosity.”

To begin then at the beginning, he tells us that Dublin was founded by the Danes about the Christian era, and whoever were its founders, they showed, certainly, great taste in their choice of a situation. How small it is in comparison with London, but nothing so strongly shows a contrast between the two cities as a drive in Hyde Park, and a drive in the Phoenix Park ; in the latter so “ few and far between ” are the equipages of the rich, that you have full leisure to admire the really sweet view ; and if you see a fair equestrian cantering, you will notice with what grace she sits her horse ; but all has a deserted absentee-look coming from gay, rich, crowded London.

We met cars in abundance, and these belong to the tradespeople of the city. Yes! they like leaving their business; they fail lamentably in persevering industry; and so it is that in several of the larger towns in Ireland, the principal houses of business are conducted by Scotchmen.

The Irish are the creatures of impulse, thinking of the present, forgetting the future; of course I heard many examples of the contrary, and I know that away from their country, they seem to need neither the plodding perseverance of the English, nor the thrifty forethought of the Scotch. And the tears of many a mother saddened by bitter poverty, have been dried up by a handsome remittance from America, from the son that had barely scraped together the "passage money" of the cheap winter's season, and had landed, poor fellow, on a strange shore with but a few shillings in his pocket. How diligently he must have laboured, for a few months brought money enough to give comfort in his cabin-home, and enabled another brother to join him.

I could multiply such instances—I need not; yet I will express my regret that in Ireland the poorer classes are deficient in hearty industry; theirs is a passive endurance of their lot, a carelessness of improving their condition; their wants are few, and they barely seek to supply them.

Is their apathy indigenous to the soil, or the effects of early education and example? At any rate the warm Irish heart conquers all difficulties when moved from home.

To illustrate the Irish want of forethought, a friend told me of a shopkeeper that had cleared over his business 500*l.*; he thereupon sent his daughters to a boarding-school, particularly requesting that they should be taught French and the piano, and he set up a car for his wife. As may be supposed, the little capital diminished rapidly, and he soon ended by becoming a bankrupt, and emigrating with his family to New York; he lived then as well as any man could; and yet how differently an Englishman would have acted! A trader in "the city," so called *par excellence*, having made this little sum, unlike thoughtless Paddy, would still try to add to it, and probably after a life of close application to business, would end his days in affluence, leaving a large fortune to his family.

Our first visit in sight-seeing was to Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1592, on the site of a suppressed monastery, the benefits of its education so long denied to the Catholic; but more liberal, more enlightened days have come upon us, and let us heartily hope that in our gentle Queen's Colleges, now rising in the

island, the mixed education will drive bigotry from the Catholic's heart, and plant toleration in that of the Protestant or Dissenter, and that all striving in the faith taught them by a mother, for the one great home, shall be united in their onward journey by the bond of brotherly charity.

Such thoughts came forcibly upon me, as we paused in the chapel of the College, and from thence we were shown through the library and museum.

Leaving Trinity College, we came out on the Bank of Ireland, the old Parliament-house, the scene of so many fiery debates, when Irish eloquence pleaded in vain. "We shall again have our parliament in College Green," is the well known prophecy of Mr. O'Connell, and who that has listened to his earnest hopes on this subject, can refuse to sympathise in them, or to give him full credit for heartfelt sincerity?

The Bank is a magnificent building, with a noble colonnade of Ionic pillars round the centre, above, the figures of Hibernia, with Commerce and Fidelity; the last-named surely misplaced on the site of so much faithlessness, as the history of the days previous to the Union records against some of the members of the then houses of parliament. On the eastern side is a portico with

Corinthian columns, and over it the figures of Justice, Fortitude, and Liberty.

From the forsaken Parliament-house, we wended our way to the forsaken mansion of Ireland's only duke, sold by the late Duke of Leinster in 1815 for 20,000*l.*, and now the Royal Dublin Society house, said to be the oldest society of the kind in Europe, the library and museum well worthy of the visitor's attention.

Our next visit proved a most interesting one ; it was to St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, once the Earl of Meath's residence, and changed to its present benevolent destination in 1835. I cannot speak too praisingly of the admirably arranged system of this hospital ; it is under the care of sisters of charity, and one of them showed us through the wards ; that appropriated to the children, is carried on exactly on the plan of the *Hospital des Enfants Malades* in Paris. A few years since some of the sisterhood went over to that city, and studied the system and treatment in the hospitals there. In the consumption ward I loitered after the party, to speak to a poor woman whose brilliant eye and hectic cheek told her disease. Every thing about her was beautifully clean and neat, and her own words spoke eloquently to my heart. " I have been here for two months, and many a person in the world with thousands a

year, hasn't the care and kindness that I have had." The gentle unceasing attentions of the sisters, guided by holier feelings than even the blessed dictates of humanity, make this hospital an enviable abode for the infirm poor. How noisy, how very terrestrial, seemed the gay world, as the convent-gate closed upon us, making the contrast between the peaceful stillness we had just left; it was from "grave to gay."

Dublin is unusually empty, I am told, for all the citizens that can leave the city, are gone in search of health and amusement to the sea-side; but, it is the "fashion," (and how entirely the magic word regulates a certain would-be fashionable class in Dublin,) to meet some days during the week to listen to a military band which plays in some of the squares; and I thought those the very slaves of fashion who could leave the fresh country air, for a fashionable lounge under a summer's sun, in a heated city. It felt to us anything but pleasure, though it was pleasant to see so much youth and beauty met together.

The present viceroy of Ireland is very unpopular, and many witty stories are told at his expense. He is said to be peculiarly unsuited to his position as head of Irish affairs, and he passes unnoticed through the people, without one voice to greet him, unlike the enthusiastic reception given to some of his popular predecessors.

CHAPTER III.

STATE TRIALS. — HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PROCLAMATION AND PROSECUTIONS. — MONSTER MEETING. — CLONTARF MEETING. — IMPRISONMENT OF MR. O'CONNELL. — RICHMOND PENITENTIARY. — VISIT TO MR. O'CONNELL IN PRISON. — "HONEST TOM STEELE." — GAIETY OF DINNER PARTIES AT THE PRISON. — "SEDITIONOUS POETRY." — MR. O'CONNELL'S DECLARATIONS ON THE STATE TRIALS. — VISIT TO CONCILIATION HALL.

THE state trials had terminated some weeks, and Mr. O'Connell and his fellow "martyrs" were inmates of Richmond penitentiary.

To attempt even a sketch of the history of the repeal agitation would be here out of place, but a few explanatory words of the famous proclamation, and the prosecutions which followed, may be acceptable.

On the 1st of October, 1843, the monster meeting at Mullaghmast was held, and on the day before it an advertisement was published in the Dublin papers, announcing another monster meeting at Clontarf, on the 8th of October, and as it was drawn up with evident military knowledge,

and a correct application of the terms of military discipline, it caused much excitement.

It was at first supposed to have been written by some authorized member of the Repeal Association, but this was denied in a vote from that body; it was condemned by Mr. O'Connell, ridiculed by the Irish press, and credulously believed in England to be only the precursor of a general rising throughout Ireland. But the author of it generously came forward, and avowed his readiness to take upon him the entire responsibility of the production.

Days wore on, and reports of all kinds were in circulation; and it was the general opinion that the Clontarf meeting would not be permitted to go on, at least without a struggle involving much bloodshed.

Troops and ammunition poured in, and the rumour ran that a privy council on the 6th had agreed to a proclamation, putting down the meeting; but until half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon (the 7th) it did not appear,—and within one half hour afterwards, the counter-proclamation signed by Daniel O'Connell as chairman of the committee, was in extensive circulation preventing that meeting.

It would be necessary to know the thousands and tens of thousands, who were all moving

towards Clontarf on the morning of the 8th of October, to judge accurately of the immense difficulty of avoiding any collision between the troops and the people. Steamers had come bringing ardent repealers from Liverpool, from Belfast, from Wexford; but the myriads dispersed tranquilly—the one voice governed them, as they never can be governed again, and Mr. O'Connell preserved the peace.

The “informations” were perfected on the 8th of November; the bills were found, and the trials came on, and lasted twenty-five days, the verdict being found on February 12, 1844, and the 30th of May began the imprisonment of Mr. O'Connell and the six other “conspirators,” John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, T. M. Ray, R. Barrett, J. Gray, and C. Gavan Duffy.

The prison is a very large building in a healthful situation, on the front this inscription, “cease to do evil, learn to do well,” and over the gateway the arms of the city, with the motto, “*Obedientia civium urbis Felicitas*,” So numerous were the visitors thronging to see the state-prisoners, that they had little leisure to muse on their captivity.

On our first visit we found Mr. O'Connell walking in the garden, surrounded by several members of his family, and by several friends; and con-

spicuous among the latter in his odd-looking military dress, his faithful friend "honest Tom Steele," and none can know Mr. Steele intimately, without fully appreciating the true-heartedness of his devotion to his "illustrious leader," as he styles Mr. O'Connell. It was a scene to be long remembered; the old man so surrounded, the sunny garden, and children's laughter, as they merrily played among the flowers, pealing cheerily above the animated conversation of many eager voices. How unlike a prison! and yet Mr. O'Connell felt it to be one, and despite the exertions of his family and friends, his spirits drooped at times to the lowest state of despondency.

A dinner at the prison was a very gay affair, and the diet anything but prison-like, for every day some rarities of the season appeared at table; offerings from absent friends, and it seemed very difficult to fancy the large pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen around us, the laugh and jest going on, to be a prison re-union.

Speaking of the state trials, the Attorney-General's opening speech was commented on, and his strictures on what he called "seditious poetry" freely discussed, and as the most inflammable specimen, he quoted in court those verses,—"The memory of the dead," which had appeared in the

“Nation” the previous year, and which I think so pretty, that I give them a place here.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

“Who fears to speak of ninety-eight ?
Who blushes at the name ?
When cowards mock the patriot’s fate,
Who hangs his head for shame ?
He’s all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus ;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

“We’ll drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few :
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too.
All, all are gone,—but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

“Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger’s heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit’s still at home.

“The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast :

And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

“They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that might can vanquish right —
 They fell, and passed away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

“Then here ’s their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland’s still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of ninety-eight.”

Among the guests were five young lads whose story interested me greatly ; they were from Mr. O’Connell’s native county, Kerry, and two of them, remarkably fine youths, were the sons of an eminent physician in Tralee, a staunch repealer and a Protestant. They loved O’Connell ; they lamented his imprisonment, and with the frank fresh feeling of youth, they longed to show they sympathized in the wrong that had been done him ; they would visit him, but how ? the journey

was a long and an expensive one. Happy, courageous youth! not to be easily daunted. They possessed a boat, and in it they actually accomplished a visit to Dublin; it was a small four-oared gig, and manned by the five boys, left Blennerville, a seaport, a short distance from Tralee, came down Tralee bay, and across a very rough sea round Kerry-head to the Shannon; up the Shannon by Limerick, through Lough Derg, and to the junction of the Grand Canal, and by this canal to Dublin. And their honest, boyish love met a most kind, affectionate return from their imprisoned countryman. They had rowed nearly 200 miles to see him.

At a meeting of the Corn Exchange the month before the imprisonment, Mr. O'Connell, in speaking of the state trials, made the following declaration, for which I am indebted to a friend who was present on the occasion.

“They may,” said he, “fine us. Well, we will pay the fine. They may imprison us. Well, we will go to prison. We shall not be the less patriots, or the more disposed to compromise, because we are within the walls of a prison. Nay, so help me, Heaven! if there were possibly any measure of acquiescence to which I would, when abroad, agree; if there were any terms to be made with the enemies of freedom and of Ireland

which I might not think obnoxious, if I were at large, I would reject them with indignation and contempt from the moment a prison's walls enclosed me. By imprisoning me, they say they may shorten my life. That does not affect me much. In the first place, I don't believe it. I may have come to that time of life when the affections are less soothing, and there is less of reciprocity to meet them; my heart may be aged and widowed, and its tenderest ties may be destroyed; but I am still like the scathed oak, not less firm against the fury of the storm than I would have been in the days of my green and buoyant youth. As to my health, I proclaim to the Irish people that I believe it is capable of sustaining any length of imprisonment they can inflict upon me."

In this idea his friends said he was mistaken, and, unfortunately, they were right, for the imprisonment seriously injured him, and the germ of his weakening health first took root in Richmond Penitentiary.

Conciliation Hall was now an attractive object to all strangers in Dublin, and we attended a weekly meeting there. The building was erected by the subscriptions of the repealers, and opened last year, and, certainly, for all purposes of hearing and seeing, it is well designed.

There was this day a very dense crowd, and most unmistakable earnestness shown to hear the reports from the prison read to the meeting by Daniel O'Connell, Jun. The business of the day began with these reports, and then several letters were read from different parts of the world, all expressive of sympathy and good wishes with the Association. Then came the speeches, some excellent practical speeches, some flowery, rather unmeaning ones, and some even very indifferent, but all listened to with wondrous patience and good humour, and enlivened by occasional cheers. The speech that struck me most, the speech of the day in fact, gave promise of great talent, the speaker being quite a young man; he spoke tenderly of his country, feelingly of her wrongs, and proudly of her rights, and his eye kindled, and his cheek glowed, as he told how many years of his long life his imprisoned leader had devoted to the cause of Ireland, how all loved, honoured, and trusted him, and how all would unite now in rallying round their aged chief.* The finale of the meeting was the announcement of the weekly rent, —this week over 2,000*l*.

* And this same speaker was one of those "Young Irelanders" who in 1845 forgot *all* Mr. O'Connell's efforts, and who turned upon him, slandered his actions, vilified his name. So much for political friendship!

“What is done with all the money?” I asked, of an intelligent member of the Repeal Association, one actively engaged in its working management; he told me there was a very large staff employed, now numbering about forty-eight persons, with salaries varying from ten to thirty shillings per week, that all movements tending to improve the cause of the people, in any part of the kingdom, were under the care of the Association, and that the necessary money was freely disbursed from it, to obtain justice for every case of hardship reported as endured for political opinions. Then there were newspapers supplied to various reading-rooms. Every penny received and given out was noted down carefully, and every member admitted, every letter received, were likewise entered on the books of the Association. I was assured that the whole mechanical working of the Association is directed by a very able and zealous secretary.

Of any amount of ultimate good this Repeal agitation may bring about, it is difficult to surmise; of course it has its enemies as it has its friends, both parties in true national style, equally decided in its own opinions; but among Mr. O’Connell’s supporters there now seems to exist harmony, a steady, straightforward, attention to business, and an eager desire, in his forced absence, to carry out fully his plans at Conciliation Hall.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY FROM DUBLIN TO LIMERICK.—CURRAGH OF KILDARE.
—SCENE AT A MUNSTER HAMLET.—LIMERICK BELLES AND
BELLS.—LEGEND OF THE BELLS.—SIEGE OF LIMERICK.—
VOYAGE TO TARBERT.—DEEP GREEN OF THE FIELDS.—DE-
SCRIPTION OF “KINGDOM OF KERRY.”—LISLAGHLIN ABBEY.
—“FUNERALS PERFORMED.”—A COUNTRY FUNERAL.—
KEENERS.

WE left Dublin, by the mail-coach, for Limerick, at a very matinal hour, and arrived at the last named city for a late dinner; an extremely tedious journey, the first part of it through such a well cultivated country that the stranger looking out for contrasts will not find one between it and England, but, advancing farther, Ireland will be recognized by the mud-cabins, the barefooted women and children, and the famed green of the “Emerald Isle,” showing here and there pleasantly on the pasture lands.

Coming to the town of Kildare, we crossed the Curragh, famous as a race-course, and making a very fine one in its extent of 3000 acres: in many

places it presents remains of the Druidical raths, and is made mention of in the old national ballad of the Insurgents of 1798.

“Where shall we pitch our tents?”

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

“Where shall we pitch our tents?”

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

“On the Curragh of Kildare,

And the boys they will be there

With their pikes in good repair,”

Says the Shan Van Vocht.

The country was in its summer bloom, potato-fields now purple, now white with blossoms, hay-makers at their pleasant labour, now pausing to gaze idly at the coach ; ripening fields of corn, with “the poppy so royally robed in red,” peeping out here and there, the blessed promise of abundance all about us.

We stop to change horses at a country hamlet, and out of the cabins come a swarm of women and children, and our guard has a word and a jest with them, and they talk merrily together in their native tongue, for we are in Munster. This is a very un-English scene.

Among the group there was a young woman, she looks scarcely twenty-five, and from the infant in her arms, to the child holding a very little boy’s hand, she has four children of different

ages. On being questioned as to her own age, she smilingly says, "Sure 'tis meself does not know at all at all;" an admirable state of ignorance which cannot be too closely copied by her sex. The mother has a pretty face beaming with intelligence, the children have plump, rosy cheeks, curly hair, and the baby any duchess might be proud of; but they are all disfigured by dirty, unwashed faces, uncombed hair, and their clothes in rags, and the finely formed little feet are covered with mud.

Limerick is considered the third city in Ireland, and a walk down its best street, George's Street, and into the Square, the fashionable promenade, will show you it deserves its reputation for "Limerick lassies;" for so many "belles" I never saw in so short a space. Other bells interested me very much too. I visited the cathedral, and from its tower admired the beautiful view spread below, the silvery river gleaming in the evening sun; as I descended, the bells commenced tolling for evening service, and I noticed to our guide the extreme sweetness of their tone, and he told me a pretty tale connected with them.

They were cast by an Italian whose pride in them amounted to affection, and whose greatest pleasure was listening to them. The changes of war which deprived him of these bells brought

them to Limerick cathedral. Sad and weary the poor founder forsook his home and country, and wandered forth on a pilgrimage in search of his dearly loved bells. Years rolled on, and still were his wanderings profitless. A very beautiful calm summer's evening he sailed up the Shannon, and suddenly, on his startled ear, came the well-remembered tones of his own bells; the sudden joy was too great for the old man's health, and he died as he touched the shore, listening to their evening peal.

From the cathedral we walked about the old town, and saw the marks in the old walls of the bombardment during the siege of Limerick. And still, after nearly two centuries have gone by, is the remembrance of that violated treaty fresh in Irish memories.

From Limerick, the traveller is delightfully conveyed by steamers to Tarbert; these ply up and down the river between Limerick and Kilrush, and as we hurried on board about eight o'clock, the deck of the steamer was already crowded with passengers, many on their way to Kilrush, and thence to Kilkee on the broad Atlantic, which is the usual resort of the citizens of Limerick during the bathing season.

The sun was shining, and all nature looking smiling, and as we came down the noble river,

I could not help contrasting its deserted look with the busy crowded Thames, and wishing commerce more extended; and the one is as much more favoured in natural beauty, as the other is in the cheering beauty of commerce.

A most agreeable Frenchman joined our party; he had come over to Ireland expressly to see Mr. O'Connell. His remarking on the deep green of the fields reminded me to tell him of a countrywoman of his, who, when I had just expressed to her my admiration at the verdure and fertility of the beautiful valleys around us in Normandy, asked me if I had not been surprised to see such green fields, as she heard there were no green fields in England on account of the smoke of the coals! She should have seen some of the country scenes of fertile England, which, by the way, *la belle Normandie*, one of its parent countries, greatly resembles.

Our passage to Tarbert seemed a very short one, and we were landed on a pier below the town, constructed by the Steam Navigation Company, and so we entered the “kingdom of Kerry,” as it is affectionately called by its inhabitants; surpassed by many of the counties in fertility, but by none in sublime and picturesque scenery.

The ordnance survey computes its acres to be 1,148,720, of which only 581,189 are cultivated

land, 552,862 bog and mountain, and 14,669 acres under water; in many parts of it, improvements are rapidly advancing. Many new roads, disclosing to the tourist beauties hitherto unknown, are in progress. I do hope that in some years all its natural advantages will be turned to account.

I never knew a sojourner in this beautiful "land of the west," that did not bring from Kerry pleasant memories.

To our party, having many old friends there, it was a spot of peculiar interest, and we studied its history, and visited every remarkable place in the county, with an earnest wish to let nothing escape our observation.

At Tarbert we hired cars for Listowel, a small country town, where we found a very excellent hotel. The distance was about twelve miles, and on our way we visited the very fine ruins of Lislaghtin Abbey, near the village of Ballylongford, founded in 1478 by John O'Connor for Franciscan friars, and dedicated to St. Laghtin, an Irish saint, who lived in the seventh century; the choir, with its fine gothic window, and the tower are in good preservation.

A country funeral came up as we were loitering amid the ruins. To a little pencil sketch of the abbey, I appended the following pen-and-ink

sketch, called forth by our French fellow-traveller's remarks in the morning:—"Funerals performed."

On the forenoon of a bright May-day, I was walking in Oxford Street with a Parisian friend, lately arrived in England, and full of intelligence and observation; he stopped suddenly opposite a house on which was displayed in large gilt letters "Funerals performed," and repeated the sign interrogatively to me.

"Funerals performed? performed? performance? is not that what you say of the stage? I think I have often heard a 'clever performance' spoken of?"

"And so you have," replied I, "and do not you know that 'all the world's a stage,' and continuing the quotation we found ourselves in Cavendish Square, where a mutual friend had invited us to a French breakfast.

Seated round the table, the conversation turned on the Parisian's remark.

"You would acknowledge that it was a very good one," said our host, "if you had seen the exemplification of 'Funerals performed,' that we had within a few doors of us last winter:

"Our wealthy neighbour, Mr. Marris, died after a lingering illness. His story is a common one in London annals:—he came in early youth to the great city to seek his fortune, began as an errand-

boy to a great house, to the head of which his untiring industry raised him ; he loved, it was said, and was beloved by a merchant's daughter, but her father failed, and Mr. Marris's affection did not stand the test of poverty : she died, poor thing ! after weary years of toil as a teacher, and he lived and prospered in worldly possessions, and was an aged man when death claimed him.

“ We never heard that he had any relations, nor will the lawyers be able to hold out any hopes to the nearest of kin of Jacob Marris, of hearing something to their advantage, for he willed all his property to national institutions, reserving a large sum for the expenses of his funeral, and for the erection of a grand monument over his remains in Kensal Green.

“ His funeral was certainly ‘ performed ’ on the grandest scale, and must have been half a fortune to the undertaker ;—it was a bitterly cold day, a driving wind blew the sleet right in the faces of the attendants, as they placed the coffin in the hearse ; eight mourning coaches followed, in one of them were two physicians, but not one friend, for the occupiers of the other coaches were the dressed-up and hired men of the undertaker, and this we may well call a ‘ funeral performed.’ ”

The seasons had changed, and we were loitering among the very fine ruins of Lislaghtin Abbey

and borne towards us on the breeze came the wailing of a country funeral, the saddest sounds one can hear ; we drew aside within the ruins, and slowly came towards us the mournful procession ; the coffin, of reddish painted wood, was borne by six fine-looking men, and I saw tears coursing down the cheeks of the two foremost as they laid their burden on a tombstone, near a freshly dug grave.

An old woman rushed out of the crowd, and flinging herself on her knees, laid her head on the coffin, and burst into a passionate lamentation. Five or six women knelt around the coffin, and one with her hands laid on it, declaimed in her native tongue, pronouncing an eloquent eulogium on the merits of the dead, and from time to time broke out into the "keen" which was taken up by those around, and echoed back by the old abbey walls.

There could not be less than fifteen hundred persons present, there were the peasants from the opposite shores of Clare, the men in their grey frieze coats, and the women with their picturesque red cloaks.

The deceased, I learned, was an old man who had brought up a large family respectably ; and whose life of usefulness merited the regrets that accompanied him to the grave.

“ But these ‘ keeners ’ are paid for their services, are they not ? ” enquired one of our party.

“ Paid is it, an’ sure they ’re not,” replied a stout middle-aged man. “ Paid, indeed ! they and we all wish to compliment the family, a rale dacent family as there’s in Munster, who always has the good word of their neighbours, and the bit and the sup for the poor. God be good to him that’s gone, and open the gates of heaven for him this day, for his door was never shut agin the poor ! ” and the speaker turned away.

The coffin was taken from its resting-place, and lowered into the grave, and the keeners kept the old wife back, and heart-breaking sobs escaped her ; the sons were supporting the poor woman, and I did not see a dry eye in the group that surrounded her.

The shadows of the old abbey fell on the newly made grave as we left the spot ; the sounds of sorrow were hushed, and all around seemed, as I could imagine the old man, smiling in peace. I was just in a train of delightful thought, when our French acquaintance startled me back to the realities of life by enquiring, “ Is not this, too, an instance of a funeral performed ? ”

CHAPTER V.

HISTORY OF KERRY.—ABUNDANCE OF GAME AND FISH.—MINES.
—MARBLE.—DIAMONDS.—PEARLS.—DESCRIPTION OF BALLY-
BUNIAN AND SCENERY.—LEGEND OF THE CIRCULAR HOLE
NEAR DOON.—THE DEVIL'S CASTLE.—VOLCANOES.—NIVAGE.
—SOIRÉE DANSANTE IN A CAVE.—HORSE-RACE.—FATAL
FACTION FIGHT.—VIEW FROM KNOCKANURE.

THE history of Kerry tells us that its ancient name was Cair-Keegh, or the kingdom of Cair, who was the eldest son of Feargus, King of Ulster. Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century, mentions this county, and says the Milesians effected a landing in the river Kenmare, A.M. 2736; he places the Luceni, the same colony as the Lucensii of Spain, in the inland parts of Kerry.

When the English adventurers arrived, they found the county possessed by powerful septs; in Henry II.'s time several English families settled here, and in Queen Elizabeth's reign very large tracts of land, the confiscated estates, were granted to English settlers, whose descendants still enjoy them.

Between the old inhabitants and the new-comers many battles took place ; and those of the former that could not be subdued retired into the fastnesses of the mountains, and beheld their native inheritance parcelled out to strangers, yet not without many a fierce struggle on their parts to regain their birthrights.

Mr. O'Connell's family still retains a small estate among the mountains of Glencare, which escaped forfeiture by its secluded situation.

Camden tells that in his time the Spaniards yearly visited the harbours and sea-coasts of Kerry for cod-fishing ; and there are sufficient proofs of Spanish settlement in the south-western parts of the county, in the remains of Spanish names, the manner of building, and the style of dress, with the black hair and eyes of many of the peasants.

Few parts of Ireland are better supplied with game ; and the rivers, and some of the lakes are well stocked with trout and salmon ; the Killarney mode of cooking the last named on little wooden spits has been long famous.

Salmon are taken in great abundance in the Cashen river, near Ballybunian, in the Killarney lakes, and the river Laune, in Carra Lake and river, in Currane or Waterville Lake in Iveragh, and in the Kenmare and Blackwater rivers ; and

all the rivers and mountain lakes abound in trout, though in the latter the fish is generally of an inferior quality.

In Kerry several mines have been discovered. At Muckross and Ross near Killarney were fine copper mines, and at Kilgaroon there is one now extensively worked; at Ardfert, and in Glanerought purple copper and marcasites of copper were found. Iron ore near Killarney, and at Blackstones in Glencan, and lead ore in several parts of the county, have been met with.

In the mines at Ross which have many years ceased to be worked, more from deficiency of capital in the proprietors than from deficiency of ore, some very curious mining shafts were discovered, regularly sunk, and several other implements used in mines. Large oval stones called by the peasantry, "Danish hammers," are found in Ross Island, having in the centre of each a mark as if where a handle had been fastened.

Marble of different kinds is raised in this county; near Tralee are good white and black marble quarries, the latter taking a particularly fine polish, and is manufactured into chimney-pieces, and grey and variegated marbles are found in several places.

Near Castleisland is found the *Lapis Hiber-*

nicus auctorum, or Irish slate, and of late years the slate quarries of Valencia are quite famous.

“Kerry diamonds” are found among the cliffs of the sea-coast, particularly near Ballyheigne and Dingle; they are regular transparent crystals, many sufficiently hard to cut glass. Fine amethysts have been discovered near Kerry head; of these a complete set was presented by a Countess of Kerry to Queen Caroline, consort to George II. Coloured crystals have been found, particularly near Lough Lein, tinged like emeralds, topazes, and sapphires.

Mr. O’Flaherty takes notice that pearls were found in this lake. “*Et in eo stagno margaritæ multæ reperiuntur, quas ponunt reges in auribus suis:*” and in the *Epistol. Hibern. Syl.*, we read that in A.D. 1094, a present of Kerry pearls was sent from Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Throughout the county vestiges of antiquity are thickly scattered; the numerous ruined churches, monasteries, and castles show that Kerry was once a place of note.

With the kind assistance of a friend, I had just put so much of Kerry history together, when a summons from our fellow-tourists to join in a ramble ended our studies.

We were staying for a few days at Ballybunian,

and all the morning the rain had come down in literal torrents, quite obscuring the view from our anxious gaze; the clouds were now breaking, and here and there a promising bit of blue sky peeping beneath them, and we all gladly came out of doors, and a very charming prospect greeted us.

We stood by the ruins of the old castle of Ballybunian, of which the wintry winds have left but a very small remnant standing, under which runs a curious cavern; below us was the beautiful smooth beach, edged by a line of foam from the dark turbulent waters; across were the shores of Clare, and Loophead, and Kerryhead forming the portals of the magnificent Shannon, and looming up in the clear atmosphere, the beautiful range of mountains stretching from Tralee to the Blasket Islands; back of us were the pretty lodges, from which were issuing groups of persons, and following some of them we walked along the cliffs to Lick Castle, a delightful ramble, the coast presenting a great variety of caves, and islands, with fantastic pillars and arches formed by the action of the waves.

Near Doon we came on a curious circular hole, into which the sea enters by arched openings: the ridge of rock dividing it from the sea is very narrow, the height of the cliff here immense,

and round this some years since an old gentleman of the neighbourhood galloped on horseback.

The legend of the hole tells that in ancient days a hunter in these parts had nine daughters, and far from duly appreciating the blessings given him, he fretted and fumed as each grew up, and he thought how he could provide for them, and being like some monster in a fairy tale, he brought his daughters separately to this hole and pushed them headlong into the surging waves beneath.

I could not ascertain what was his fate, but, for the sake of justice, hope somebody sent him after his children.

Near Lick Castle, an ancient seat of the Fitzgeralds, and a place of strength, is a curious rock standing out from the shore, called the Devil's Castle, and on its summit is an eagle's nest. The cliffs all here bear marks of a fierce fire; in some places can be seen clay calcined like a burnt brick, and in others iron ore smelted.

There was here in 1753 a kind of volcano, as Smith in his history of Kerry describes it: "an accidental kindling of combustible matter, on the external surface of the cliff, which became extinguished when the *pabulum*, or fuel, that fed the flame was exhausted. This ignition is not to be attributed to the collision of two hard bodies

together, as flints, metals &c. but to this cause, that most of the cliff is composed of a stone called *pyrites*, and there are in it marks of sulphur and iron ore. Chemists know that if iron filings and sulphur be mixed together, when wet they will burst into flames. In those cliffs, when the beds of *pyrites*, iron and sulphur, were wet by the dashing of the sea-water, they took fire. The phenomenon did not appear until the cliff, undermined by the action of the waters, fell down."

The caves at Ballybunian are very fine, and, with one exception, can only be entered by boat, and owing to the general heavy swell of the waves here, this is seldom attainable.

A peculiar kind of boat or skiff is used here called a *nivage*, it is composed of a framework of wood covered with tarred canvas, and is rowed by small oars or paddles; it reminds one of the description of the ancient *carracks* which were formed of wicker or wood work, and covered with skins. These little boats are said to be very safe in a rough sea, as they float lightly on the waves, but as the least motion upsets them, their crews require to keep very still.

Here the poor fishermen venture out in them in all weathers, and when they return home, take their boats on their backs to the cabin door.

A few days since, a party from one of the

lodges here embarked in a large nivage : they had not gone far when they perceived that one of the boatmen pulled in his oars and kept his hand down at the side of the boat ; they enquired the reason, and heard “ ’twas only a trifle of a hole, and he’d keep the water out aisy with his finger ; ” it is needless to say the party did not wish to test his capabilities, for they insisted on returning to shore ; the boat was then hauled up, and a patch applied to the injured part.

At the spring-tides here, a very fine cave can be entered from the land at low water, and one night we witnessed a novel *soirée dansante* in it ; the entrance is easy, and we came at once on a lofty arched chamber branching off into several smaller caves extending a long way, and opening on the sea.

The outer cave was the selected ball-room, and it was lighted up with torches made of tarred bog-wood stuck into the smooth sand, which threw forth a splendid light, making the shining sides of the caves, which were encrusted with myriads of tiny shell-fish, sparkle with a beautiful effect.

The music certainly was not the most select ; there was a piper and fiddler and some amateurs who tried alternately the cornet-a-piston and clarionet in a manner that would have given

Jullien a brain-fever had he been a listener ; but the music, indifferent as it was, and the merry voices and laughter of the gay dancers, and the murmuring of the billows, echoed by multiplied reverberations, made to my ears a most pleasing harmony.

The polka had just been introduced into Kerry, and infinite were the pains taken by a laughing girl to teach the air to the fiddler. "Sure I'd learn it soon enough if I'd the notes," and quite satisfied with himself he played an improvised polka which sounded extremely like an old air the "Rakes of Mallow."

All joys must end, and no meeter remainder of the flight of time than the flowing waters ; one wave gave warning coming near the dancers, and a less polite one quickly followed, and another and another, and *exeunt omnes* on the strand with a flounce deep of water showing on the ladies dresses.

There were races next day, and the description of the *staggeen* race in the "Collegians" was before me as one jockey was sent head-foremost into the waves, and another sprawling among the crowd. The prize was a saddle.

We mounted ponies after the sports had concluded, and we had most delightful canters on the hard, smooth beach, and across the sands of

Ballyea where more respectable races are annually held.

This strand in 1834 was the scene of a fatal faction fight; both factions backed by their respective friends, came to a fierce encounter, and the defeated party retreated to the water, took to their boats, were pursued, their boats upset, and many lives were lost. For years the races were discontinued in consequence of this fatal occurrence.

Faction fights are now almost unknown since the blessed temperance movement has spread through the country. These fights between different families, each member of the faction espousing the cause of the one aggrieved, generally began at fairs, where the fearfully unrestrained use of whiskey was the true source of these often fatal quarrels. It is only those alone who have mixed with the poorer classes of the Irish, who have seen them at fairs, or "*patrons*," or weddings, ruining both health and temper by excessive drink, or above all, who have visited their miserable dwellings and witnessed the wretchedness of a starving wife and children expecting the return of a drunken father after spending his earnings, and her scanty gains in whiskey; those, those can tell that, in truth, the temperance movement has been a blessed one.

All is now order and sobriety at their public meetings, witness the perfect peace of all the monster repeal meetings of last year; and in their poor homes the wife can reckon with a happy confidence on being able to apply her husband's wages to buy food and clothing for their children and themselves.

And humbly and grateful should the friends of Ireland praise the power that inspired the establishment of the temperance society, and that gifted its zealous founder, Father Matthew, with that saint-like charity that watches over its progress with untiring benevolence.

Riding homewards we diverged and ascended the hill of Knockanure, which commands a very extensive view. It being a clear day we were told we saw six different counties from it; and we could distinctly see the white lodges of Kilkee, and the breakers of the wild Atlantic beyond them, and below us the windings of the majestic Shannon with the Island of Scatterry or Inniscattery and its ruins. Moore's lines and legend of St. Senanus give it an interest at the present day.

CHAPTER VI.

RIDE TO TRALEE.—NOTIONS REGARDING ROUND TOWERS.—
RUINS OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.—POLICY OF THE ENGLISH IN-
VADERS.—LEGEND OF BALLYHEIGNE.—ARDFERT CATHEDRAL
AND ABBEY.—TRALEE.—DESCRIPTION OF THE ARRANGEMENTS
IN THE POOR-HOUSE AT TRALEE.

WE left Ballybunian for Tralee, and, except for the view of the chain of mountains before us, and for two pilgrimages on our way, the drive was a most uninteresting one, through a flat country, a vast amount of potatoes flourishing on all sides.

About three miles from Ballybunian, we crossed the Cashen ferry in a large flat-bottomed boat, worked across the river by ropes and pulleys, and into this we drove on our cars.

The round tower of Rattoo called us from the main road; it is very perfect, and we were told that near it, in ancient days, stood an abbey, which was burned down by the natives in 1600 on the approach of Sir Charles Wilmot's troops.

The tradition of the place says that there were seven churches at Rattoo, and a bishopric; the

round tower, which in Ireland always was erected near cathedrals, favours the belief.

To me, these mysterious round towers are objects of peculiar interest, as such vague conjectures have been formed as to the time of their construction and their use.

Moore, in his "History of Ireland," is very interesting on the subject. He writes, "How far these pillar temples or round towers, which form so remarkable a point of Ireland's antiquities, and whose history is lost in the night of time, may have any connection with the pyrolatry, or fire-worship, of the early Irish, we have no certain means of determining. That they were looked upon as very ancient in the time of Giraldus, appears from the tale told by him of the fishermen of Lough Neagh pointing out to strangers, as they sailed over that lake, the tall narrow ecclesiastical round towers under the water, supposed to have been sunk there from the time of the inundation, by which the lake was formed, said to have occurred A.D. 62.

"The notion that they were erected by the Danes is unsupported, even by any plausible grounds. In the time of Giraldus the history of the exploits of these invaders was yet recent, and had there been any tradition, however vague, that they were the builders of these towers, the Welsh

slanderer would not have been slow to rob Ireland of the honour. But, on the contrary, Giraldus expressly informs us that they were built ‘in a manner peculiar to the country.’

“That they may have been appropriated to religious uses, in the early ages of the church, appears highly probable, from the policy adopted by the first Christians in all countries, of enlisting in the service of the new faith the religious habits and associations of the old. It is possible, therefore, that they might, at some period, have been used for stations for pilgrims, for, to this day, it appears the prayers said at such stations were called turrish prayers.

“Another of the notions concerning them is that they were places of confinement for penitents; but beside the absurdity of the supposition, that a people, whose churches were all constructed of wood and wicker, should have raised such elaborate stone towers for the confinement of their penitents, we have means of knowing the penitential discipline of the early Christian Irish; and in no part of it is such a penance as that of imprisonment in a round tower enjoined.

“To the notion that our Irish structures were intended for watch-towers or beacons, there are the most conclusive objections; their situations being frequently on low grounds, where they are

overlooked by natural elevations, and the apertures at their summit not being sufficiently large to admit any considerable body of light.

“In the ornaments of one or two of these towers there are evident features of a more modern style of architecture, which prove them to have been added to the original structures in later times.

“As the worship of fire is known, unquestionably, to have formed a part of the ancient religion of the country, the notion that these towers were originally fire-temples, appears the most probable of any that have yet been suggested.”

Among many very striking corroborations of this view of their origin, Moore tells us that there were found, “near Bangulpore, in Hindostan, two towers, which bear an exact resemblance to those of Ireland. In all the peculiarities of their shape—the door or entrance elevated some feet above the ground, the four windows near the top, facing the cardinal points, and the small rounded roof—these Indian temples are, to judge by the description of them, exactly similar to the round towers, and like them also, are thought to have belonged to a form of worship now extinct, and even forgotten.”

Moore adverts to another hypothesis respecting the origin and purposes of these towers, and

finishes his remarks on them in these words:—
“They must be referred to times beyond the reach of historical record. That they were destined, originally, to religious purposes, can hardly admit of question, nor can those who have satisfied themselves from the strong evidence which is found in the writings of antiquity, that there existed, between Ireland and some parts of the East, an early and intimate intercourse, harbour much doubt as to the real birthplace of the now unknown worship, of which these towers remain the solitary and enduring monuments.”—MOORE’S *Ireland*, vol. i., chap. 2.

Passing through a wretched village, called Abbey Dorney, we saw some ruins of what was once a great Cistercian monastery, founded in 1154, whose abbots were lords in Parliament; but little vestiges now remain to tell of its former greatness.

So it is all through Ireland; ruins on ruins meet the traveller’s eye, and he longs to stop and make a better acquaintance with them; on one spot it will be but the walls of an old square castle, and here the picturesque remains of some church or abbey, its fine gothic architecture showing beautifully in its decay; and perhap she will ponder, as I often did, on the tasteless policy of the English rulers, proving their strength by such means as

destroying the ancient records of the country, and strewing their paths through the island with ruin and desolation.

It has frequently struck me how differently some of the English commanders in those days of devastation must have felt towards the conquered land.

Here is the site of an ancient castle, and you can judge of its extent from its wide-scattered ruins; yet, scarcely "stone on stone" is left standing. The "good Queen Bess" and her successors had here an overseer, hating the "mere Irish," and wishing it were as easy to destroy them, as it was to demolish that old family inheritance, dear to its owners from ages of possession. And here is an abbey, and so carefully was it unroofed that the cornice stones and mouldings are perfect. The old yew trees, coeval with its foundation, flourish around it unharmed by the unwilling desecration, for this was a good, kind, man, loving the beautiful, and feeling for the wrongs of the oppressed land, and doing his soldier's duty with a sore heart. Probably, he had listened to the tales of the neighbourhood, and he knew that poverty and sorrow found relief from the benevolent monks, now driven homeless through a distracted country; or, perhaps, he had found some lovely Irish maiden to soften the

conqueror's heart, and that loving her, he loved the land of her birth.

At least it was a cruel policy thus to wreck the national monuments; they lie ruined around us, and nearly three centuries have passed since the days of "might against right," and still is Ireland essentially Irish, the persecuted faith still tenaciously clung to, and the "green isle" loved with passionate tenderness:—

"The love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true."

As we drove towards Ardfert, the sun shining on the castle of Ballyheigue showed the pile of building distinctly to us; it was the ancient residence of the De Cantillons, and at low water some rocks are visible in the bay below it. These were their ancient burial-place, and a wild legend tells that when a member of the family died, the body was brought for interment in a coffin and laid on the beach, and was from thence conveyed by supernatural power to the rocky cemetery.

Ardfert was formerly a place of note, returning two members to Parliament, and its ruins alone tell of better days, for the village is now a wretched place. We wandered over the ruins of the cathedral which must have been a very splendid building: the nave and choir measuring 26 yards long by 10 wide, and the eastern window is 26 feet in

height. On one of the walls is the effigy of St. Brandon the patron saint of Kerry, carved in alto-relievo in his pontificals. This cathedral was demolished in 1641; part of it is now kept in repair, and service is performed in it according to the rites of the Established Church.

At the western end of the cathedral are the ruins of two chapels, and near these the remains of an ancient round tower, built of a dark kind of marble, with its opening facing the west.

In the fine demesne of Mr. Crosbie which adjoins the village, are the ruins of Ardfert Abbey in tolerable preservation, two sides of the cloister being almost perfect. This abbey was founded in 1253 for Franciscan monks by the first baron of Kerry.

Tralee, or as anciently named Traleigh (the strand of the river Leigh), is four miles from Ardfert, and is the "capital" of "the kingdom" and has a business-like appearance, and most unlike a capital in its narrow, dirty streets, the only exception to them being Denny Street, a really fine clean street, opening on a delightful promenade called "the Green," from which is a very sweet mountain-view.

Our first visit here was to the poor-house, to which an acquaintance kindly accompanied us. The house is situated outside the town, and in an

excellent airy situation. Since we left Dublin, poor-laws, and poor-rates, and poor-houses had become familiar words; and we heard constant regrets for the present system, and gloomy forebodings as to its beneficial workings in the future. Here we were now, outside a real inhabited poor-house, and we shall make our own private observations. The door is opened by a porter, and the master is called, and he comes and welcomes us with a bow that would not have disgraced Beau Brummel.

The entrance-building is rather in advance of the main-building, and we were now in the waiting-hall, where the applicants for relief are received; off this is the porter's room, and he has the charge of inspecting the paupers, who are each placed in a probationary ward until examined by a medical man and pronounced free from disease; then they undergo thorough washing, get the poor-house dress, and enter as inmates. We passed on to the main building through a court-yard divided into exercise grounds for boys and girls; in the centre of this house are the master's and matron's rooms, having the store-rooms and kitchen immediately under their inspection.

The kitchen, the day-rooms, the dining-hall, the dormitories, were all clean as possible, and all the

rooms well ventilated, but there was a dreariness over the whole that depressed my spirits. Some of the women were employed in washing, and some of the men in breaking stones ; they seemed to have no heart in their employment.

The hospital is removed by another yard, and there are separate wards for lunatics or idiots, and accommodation on the ground-floor for aged and infirm paupers.

As we were leaving, there were applicants for admission in the waiting-hall ; an elderly man apparently in bad health, and his wife and half a dozen children, and tears were streaming down the poor woman's cheeks, for she was about to part from her husband and her children, except the poor unconscious infant which she was suckling ; her life had probably been one of ceaseless poverty, but the lowly cabin had been her home, and blessed by the duties of wife and mother.

In this work-house at our visit, there were yet few inmates, I think not many over three hundred, and the elders among them all struck me as looking deplorably miserable, brooding over their fate in dreary idleness ; the life was new to them, not as paupers, for I could read in the deep lines of several furrowed cheeks that they had long known poverty and sorrow. To many a rough nature in

that house, life had had its bitternesses, but its sweets too, the now deserted hearths of their humble homes.

Here wives have no comforting words from their husbands, they are entirely separated; and children, except infants, are strangers to a parent's love; here they come to live, and they are fed and clothed, and day by day goes by, bringing them no trust in the future of their life on earth, and unmarked by a struggle to improve their condition.

"This is all very fine sentiment," exclaims my friend M—, taking up my note book; "but if we have no poor houses, pray how are the overwhelming poor of Ireland to be supported? you surely would not have the beggar to starve by the roadside—the poor family just ejected from their cabin and thrown on the world by an improving landlord, without a roof to shelter them?"

"When did Irish charity let a beggar starve?" I ask; "I would have a place of relief for the destitute, but I have a peculiar theory of my own about the carrying out of this Irish poor-law—this so-called 'Act for the relief of the poor.' For the aged, the infirm, and the orphan child, the poor house is undeniably a blessed asylum; but for the strong man from the country, ejected as you say from his little holding, accustomed all his life to

labour, I would not throw him into a poor-house, degrading him into a useless burden on society, destroying his moral character by total idleness; or, if he must enter it, I would have him usefully employed.

“ I would endeavour to make every poor-house as much as possible self-supporting, despite all that political economists say against this theory; for I cannot believe that the industry of the labouring classes outside the poor-house can be materially injured by the industry of the paupers within it. Suppose some waste lands adjoining the poor-house brought into cultivation by paupers’ labour, and yielding a supply of potatoes and corn towards their support, a neighbouring farmer complains that this interferes with the sale of the produce of his farm; but let him remember how it will lighten the burden of taxation. Within the house, knitting and spinning, and weaving should go on, and the paupers make and wear their own manufacture; many among them wore nothing else in better days in their country homes, and many, alas! seldom wore anything but rags; so the clothing of either of these classes could not be reasonably considered as a grievance by the neighbouring tradespeople, or interfering with their legitimate trade.

“ And the highest motive still remains, cheerful

industry will make all better and happier; the pauper would feel the blessings of useful employment. And I would not so cruelly separate those who have toiled together, maybe through a long life of struggling years: 'whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

The trial of the poor-law system is yet new, (1844); we have the words of a high authority on Irish matters, that it is ill suited to Ireland's wants; he knows the country and its people well.

The Irish unions have been formed on the same principles as those in England,—a market-town being fixed on as the centre of the union, with a surrounding district of about ten miles, and the governing power in these consists of a board of guardians, some being the resident magistrates, and, therefore, *ex-officio* guardians, and others, guardians elected by the rate-payers, and of course in true national spirit, these very elections have brought out excited feelings; the power of voting for the election of master or matron, or some of the minor offices, being the extent of the successful candidate's patronage.

In some of the reports of the poor-law commissioners I read strong recommendations that work should be given to the able-bodied pauper, that no idleness should be allowed; and that

children should be well and carefully taught and trained to be useful ; and as to diet, that it is desirable that it should be inferior to the diet of the labouring classes ; it must be very bad indeed if inferior to poor Paddy's usual food, God help him !

I heard that already in many unions great complaints had been raised as to the insufficiency of the food given to the grown-up pauper, and there is something dreadful in thinking of the hungry man having enough to stay, not satisfy, his appetite. It is not relief !

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY CONCERT IN TRALEE.—CHALYBEATE SPA NEAR TRALEE.—VIEW FROM CAHIRCONRIGH.—DANISH-LIKE ENTRENCHMENT.—DINGLE.—DANISH FORTS.—RATHS.—MOST WESTERLY POINT OF EUROPE.—BLASQUET ISLANDS.—DRENCHED WITH RAIN.—RELIGIOUS ZEAL.—CURE FOR EFFECTS OF MOUNTAIN SHOWERS.—OGHAM CHARACTERS.—RETURN TO TRALEE.

DURING our stay in Tralee we one evening attended a concert got up by the temperance society, and conducted by their president, a gentleman of high musical talents, who has kindly devoted much time to the formation of the society's band, and certainly his efforts have been crowned with success, for I seldom heard a better selection of music played with equal taste. And it was a most pleasant sight to see so many respectable, well-dressed tradesmen apparently enjoying the sweet sounds they gave forth.

On a recent occasion I was told this temperance society walked in procession through the town, and a beggar-woman looking on (a confirmed drunkard by the way), remarked, on their num-

bers, exclaiming, "there go near seven hundred registered drunkards." But this is a solitary instance of want of respect for the body, a proof of woman's wilfulness, we will suppose. Everywhere the teetotalers are respected, and hitherto they have kept their pledge most religiously.

Near Tralee is a chalybeate spa, which has been considered as possessing great powers, and there are several pretty lodges built in its neighbourhood on Tralee bay, with the fine mountains opposite, and a residence in any of which is more likely to conduce to good health, in my opinion, than the most approved spa that ever bubbled up from mother earth.

The chain of mountains stretching from Tralee towards the sea are called the Slaibh Mish mountains; the first on the range is Cahirconrigh or "the fastness of King Con," and we were tempted to a ride up this, and more than repaid by a beautiful view—on one side the country we had come through, and on the other the glorious promise of beauty in the glimpse of Killarney Lake and mountains; but, patience, the president *pro tem.* of our travelling society, says we must turn aside and visit Dingle; it is hard to bow to his authority, and bad taste to turn our backs on lovely Killarney.

Near the top of this mountain is a Danish-

like intrenchment, which an old tradition supposes to have been the work of giants, and the immense size of the stones composing it favours the idea, "and there were giants in those days." Another local belief is that the Milesians fought their first battle among these mountains, with their predecessors in Ireland.

The morning was dark and lowering as we left Tralee on outside cars for Dingle, but the wild mountain-scenery through which we passed, appeared to peculiar advantage in the intervals between the showers, and the rugged valley of Glenagalt as gloomy as if the old country saying were strictly true, that if all the insane in the kingdom were let free, they would run thither.

Dingle is a very ancient town, and situated amid mountains on a small bay which has just the appearance of a lake. Queen Elizabeth incorporated it in 1586, and granted the inhabitants 300*l.* to build a wall; it is the most westerly town in Europe, and though so remote, we found admirable accommodation there, most moderate prices, and we brought away the recollection of much kind hospitality, and of some pleasant and interesting excursions.

We mustered a very large party one very fine morning, and all mounted, some in a style that would not disgrace Rotten-row, and some on

ponies that had never felt a saddle before, we made a very imposing cavalcade as we passed through the little town.

A gentleman who resided near Dingle was unanimously elected our leader, and we gaily followed his guidance. "This peninsula was the last spot of ground possessed by the Danes in Ireland," said he, as we crossed the narrow land separating Ventry harbour from Dingle port. On the western point is an ancient Danish fort called Cahir Trant, and from it the remains of a line of forts extend. Our antiquarians, however, decided to visit the forts, which are certainly objects of much interest to any one interested in Irish history.

Moore tells us in vol. i. chap. 9, that "of those ancient raths, or hill-fortresses, which formed the dwellings of the old Irish chiefs, and belonged evidently to a period when cities were not yet in existence, there are to be found numerous remains throughout the country. This species of earthen work is distinguished from the artificial mounds or tumuli by its being formed upon natural elevations, and always surrounded by a rampart. Within the area thus enclosed, which was called the rath, stood the habitations of the chieftain and his family, which were in general small buildings constructed of earth and hurdles,

or having in some instances walls of wood upon a foundation of earth.”—Page 194.

Again in vol. ii. chap. 18, he says: — “It appears questionable, indeed, whether there exist any vestiges of stone buildings at present in Ireland, that can on any satisfactory grounds be ascribed to the Northmen, and it is probable that those raths or earthen-works raised as military defences, in the construction of which they took for models the artificial mounds used as fortresses by the natives, are the only remains of any description that can with tolerable certainty be ascribed to Danish workmanship.”—Page 61.

The ruins of Donquin church were our next halt, and here the Prince of Ascula was interred after the shipwreck of the Spanish Armada off this coast. We then came on to Dunmore Head, and stood on the most westerly point of Europe ; here is a house called “ Tig Vaureen Gerane,” or Mary Gerane’s house, as celebrated as John O’Groat’s in Scotland.

The Blasquet islands are twelve in number ; some mere rocks, but the largest, Innismore, is three miles in length, and several families live upon it, and there are the ruins of an ancient church and burial-ground. Innismackeilane, the second in extent, has the remains of an old chapel, and a curious stone-roofed hermitage, in which was

founded a stone chalice and font. This cell is an arched one of stone, neatly joined without mortar, and having the same appearance as the old Roman arches. It is supposed to have been built by the first Christian missionaries. These islands are in a peculiarly healthy situation, and people living on them attain a marvellous old age. Our zeal for exploring them was completely checked by a very rough sea, so I am indebted to our kind guide for these particulars.

We scrambled more than rode through mountain paths to Sybil Head, and leaving our cavalry at the base of it, near the ruins of Ferriter's Castle, we walked to the summit, and were charmed by a magnificent sea-view, but the gathering clouds warned us to descend, and we had scarcely regained our steeds when the rain fell in actual torrents, but despite it, on we cantered, and as we came up to a gentleman in the same plight as ourselves, our guide stopped, and instead of returning to Dingle, we were introduced to this gentleman, the parson of that remote district, and we turned aside with him to his glebe-house. We were all thoroughly drenched, but how merry we were as we dried our dripping garments before the huge turf-fire.

Colds and fevers and agues, of all kinds, were predicted, but no one suffered, and we partook

of the parson's humble fare at five o'clock, and drank cold water, for he was a teetotaler, and the *one* bottle of wine his cupboard held was kept as a cordial for sickness, and none of us would taste it. Our host was a sincere zealous believer in his faith, but free from that pernicious zeal endeavouring to make "converts," or "perverts," or "souters," as they are significantly called in the locality. No one can more earnestly admire a true religious spirit than I do, nor can more fully appreciate the blessings of faith; but it is hard not to condemn the ill-directed zeal of the Protestants of Dingle, which has sown such discord and bad feeling in that town. Faith is a purely spiritual gift from the All-wise Creator, and he or she that is thrown among unbelievers, and in all earnest gentleness teaches by word and example the blessing of that light to "those who sit in darkness," does a holy deed; but faith cannot be hoped for through the medium of legs of mutton on Fridays, and meat-soup on fast days. Throwing ridicule on the ancient usages of a church, and convincing men through their appetites is not the way to make converts.

That evening we passed in dancing off the effects of out wetting, and I would strongly recommend the same prescription as infallible to any tourist who has been wet through by mountain showers.

Next day we again mounted our horses, and first rode to Smerwick Harbour, about six miles from Dingle, where we were shown the remains of a fort built by the Spaniards, and called Forte del Ore, where many years ago some corslets of pure gold were dug up; near this, at Ballinlanrig, are vestiges of a pagan monument.

We next came to Gollerus, where there is a fresh-water lake, frequented by swans, and we dismounted for a close inspection of the very curious old stone-cell, built entirely without mortar, and the stones fitting so closely one to the other; near this are the ruins of an old castle; and a short distance from both, lives the old parish priest, a perfect Irish scholar and antiquarian. We called on him, and found him full of the good old-fashioned hospitality and politeness, and most agreeable in his knowledge of Irish antiquities.

Yesterday with the parson, to-day with the priest! and so it is; we need a helping hand from each in our respective faiths, in our onward journey, and let mutual charity be the bond of peace between us.

At Killmachedor, we found most interesting ruins of a church, and close to it of St. Brandon's house, and here, there being several stones inscribed with the Ogham characters, we were dis-

persed, poring over them in various directions, some with pencil in hand making sketches.

Father C— had just given us a learned disquisition on this sacred character, in which he believed the ancient Druids committed their mysteries to writing, and as a pendant to his opinion, I quote again my great authority, Moore. On this occult manner of writing he says: “ Besides the alphabet they used for ordinary occasions, the ancient Irish were in possession also, we are told, of a secret mode of writing, such as is known to have been used for sacred purposes among the hierarchies of the east.” He tells us that “ The name Ogham or Ogma, is found to be a primitive Celtic term, signifying the secret of letters ;” and he adds afterwards, “ It is possible that, in a few of these instances, the lines taken for letters may have been no more than the natural marks or furrows in the stone,” vol. i. chap. 4. However, antiquaries of the present day have read these inscriptions, and entertain no doubt of their ancient use and origin ; but the very scepticism of some on such matters, only makes the faith of others in them all the stronger.

We bade adieu to Dingle with regret, and returned to Tralee, by a different road, except for the last few miles, crossing Connor Hill and

passing through really fine mountain-scenery, the road winding along the side of the mountain, Brandon, the second highest mountain in Kerry, on our left hand, and beyond the opening showing the blue sea. We halted at Castle Gregory, to visit the ruins of the old church and castle, and here again we found the Ogham characters, with a very perfect stone-cross, in the overgrown churchyard. And dreaming of ruins and antiquities, let us rest the night, and be very matinal to-morrow, to make acquaintance with the far-famed beauties of Killarney.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST VIEW OF ROMANTIC KILLARNEY.—“SWEET INNISFALLEN.”
—INNISFALLEN ABBEY.—O’SULLIVAN’S CASCADE.—GLENAA.—
DINIS ISLAND.—THE ARBUTUS OF KILLARNEY.—TORC LAKE.
—MUCKROSS DEMESNE.—MUSICAL ECHOES ON THE LAKES.

A MATCHLESS scene is before us, as about a half-mile from Killarney the road winds round a hill-side, and opens to our eager gaze, the lake and islands lying below, framed in on south and south-west by magnificent mountains. The sun, which threatening clouds had hidden during the morning, has just come forth, and shines upon the rich woods, and gleams upon the placid waters :

“For though but rare thy sunny smile,
’Tis heaven’s own glance when it appears.”

And can anything but happiness dwell in such a spot ? is my mental soliloquy, and this is my thought. We enter the little town of Killarney, by a row of, alas ! miserable cabins.

Beautiful, romantic Killarney ! what memories

of joyous happy days your name brings before me, recalling friends worthy to live in such a land, unequalled, to me, even in this fair world of ours.

Killarney is essentially a place of variety, and this is one of its great charms; the grand, the beautiful, the ruggedly wild, and the merely pretty, combine to form a scene of fairy-land; it is in truth a sweet, sweet spot,

“Where nature lov’d to trace
As if for gods a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix’d,
Within the paradise she fix’d.”

The tourists who come to Killarney for one or two days, and, contented to say they have been there, hurry over its many beauties, going rapidly through the Guide-book routine, must leave with a very confused recollection of lakes and mountains and glens and rivers. For all who like ourselves can tarry by the way, I would extend a friendly hand in warning, and tell them to enjoy leisurely the many beauties of this lovely locality.

“What is the best season for visiting Killarney?” asks one of our party, of an old friend who has come to welcome us, and he tells us that many visiting Killarney prefer the autumnal months, when the woods look so rich and beau-

tiful, clothed in their variegated foliage; the autumn is yet too young, in this moist climate, to judge of the effect of the changing hues.

For my part, give me the early summer months, when the fresh green of spring, seen in the oak, the hazel, the ash, contrasts finely with the ever-green arbutus and holly; and then, too, the evenings are longer, and the weather generally finer.

I take up my note-book, and I am fairly puzzled by the quantity I have written in Killybegs. I must curtail with no sparing hand, yet I wish that I could paint the beautiful picture in more captivating colouring than cold words give me.

A boat awaits us at the base of the lawn of the Victoria Hotel, and we are off on the placid waters, with John Gandsey, the bugler, at the prow, and certainly pleasure at the helm in the smiling face of M——, who is our cockswain.

The lower lake, on which we now are, presents a large expanse of water, over eight miles long, and three broad, the surface broken by several islands. “Sweet Innisfallen,” the first to attract our attention in its tranquil loveliness,—we land on it, and saunter round it, and pause by its sweet bays, and gaze now on the huge mountain of Tomies

opposite, rising from the very water, and now on the more distant Torc, Mangerton, and Crohane, and we turn to inspect the ruins of the old abbey, and think that if the monks were not holy, they ought to have been so amid such scenery, enough to raise one's thoughts from "nature up to nature's God."

The abbey was founded in the sixth century by St. Finian for Franciscan monks. The annals of Innisfallen contain a sketch of universal history from the creation of the world to A.D. 430, and Irish affairs are fully detailed by the annalists until 1215. According to them this abbey, which had all the riches of the country deposited there as in a place of security, was plundered by Mil-durn, son of Daniel O'Donaghue, and many monks were killed in the cemetery by the MacCarthies. God, they add, punished this act of impiety by the untimely end of some of the authors of it. In Queen Elizabeth's time the abbey and lands were granted to Captain Robert Collam, with the neighbouring abbey of Irrelagh, or Muckross; the ancient chapel has been for years used as a banqueting-house for tourists, and songs of mirth echo where the long-forgotten hymns of prayer sounded.

Rowing slowly from Innisfallen to O'Sullivan's Cascade, we sang together Moore's lines, written

during his visit to Killarney in 1822. They are so beautiful I insert them :—

“ Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine ;
How fair thou art let others tell,
 While but to feel how fair is mine.

“ Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

“ Thou wert too lovely then for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care,
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
 And leave thee bright and blooming there.

“ No more along thy shores to come,
 But on the world’s dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

“ Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee as I do now,
When mist is o’er thy blooming bowers,
 Like sorrow’s veil of beauty’s brow.

“ For though unrivall’d still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look as then too blest,
But in thy shadows seem’st a place
 Where weary man might hope to rest :

“ Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden’s, on the day
We left its shade, when every tree
 Like thine hung weeping o’er its way.

“ Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
And still the lovelier for thy tears,
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
’Tis heaven’s own glance when it appears.

“ Like feeling hearts, those joys are few,
But when indeed they come, divine ;
The steadiest light the sun e’er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.”

Along the northern shore of this lake the land has a well-cultivated appearance; the old and new church of Aghadoe, with Lady Headley’s pretty house of the same name, appear on the hill-side, and in the far distance the range of Tralee mountains; the river Laune is the only outlet from these lakes, and we rowed down it under Dunloe Castle, and by the grounds of Grena, and certainly the mountain-view was magnificent; Cahir, the purple mountain, the Gap mountains, and the now cloud-capped rocks, towering upon our left as we descended the stream.

Coasting the shores of Tomies, we landed at the cascade, and were greeted by a flock of mountain nymphs offering wild fruits and goats’ milk. The cascade has three distinct falls measuring 70 feet in height. From this on to Glenàa, the shore is most beautiful; the mountains rising from the water thickly clothed; here a bare rock, and here a patch of verdure, and the mountain’s top seen in barren majesty.

Between Burnt Island and Stag Island we entered a small bay, a scene of enchantment: the boatmen rested on their oars, and Gandsey awakened the echoes with the old Irish melody, "The young man's dream." Scrambling up the hill-side we came to a pretty waterfall, and then to the ruins of a hamlet called Cullina; the cabins apparently but recently unroofed, and the sweet seclusion did not even preserve their humble homesteads.

Glenàa is a charming retreat, and what a few years since was rough with rock-sand, covered with heath and brushwood, is now laid down in grassy lawns and intersected with pretty winding walks. The kindness of Lady Kenmare provided a commodious banqueting-house for strangers, and no day passes in the season that some groups of tourists do not meet here to refresh the inward man with those "creature comforts" which, alas! for romance, must be remembered even in this land of romance. We loiter delightfully about the grounds of Glenàa. I was in advance of my fellow-tourists, hastening on to reach a rustic seat which, placed round a yew-tree just under the mountain, commands a very lovely view: a few paces before me was a party, evidently ramblers like ourselves. The mountain rose almost perpendicularly within some yards of

us, clothed in rich woods to its very summit. Its height must at least have been 1800 feet, and as I passed them, one young lady exclaimed to another, in unmistakable cockney accents: "Dear me, Sarah Anne, what a pretty hill!" I longed to turn and ask her to ascend it with me, and then to quote for her:

"Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view."

The channel back of Glenàa brought us opposite the Old Weir Bridge. This is the spot said to have been most admired by Sir Walter Scott, who visited Killarney in 1825.

Dinis Island tempted us to another ramble; here the arbutus grow to an enormous size, but like objects in animated nature age disimproves them; instead of a full spreading shrub, the trunk of the tree is bare and has a ragged appearance. The moist climate of Killarney is very favourable to the growth of this tree, which in its different degrees of vegetation is beautiful. It is the pride of Killarney, and, like the orange-tree of more favoured climes, it bears at the same time, leaves, flowers and fruit.

Torc lake is a sweet sequestered lake; its mountain, rising from the water, is its southern boundary, and from this descends a small stream, the

Lein, from which the Killarney lakes take their name.

Muckross demesne slopes down to the lake's eastern edge, and the newly-erected mansion, of the style of the Elizabethan era, is close by. This house is built of yellow sand-stone brought from Cheshire ! "Impossible !" I exclaim, on hearing it ; nevertheless it is strictly true. It was the first time I ever heard of stones being found wanting in Ireland. Mr. Pugin, who has devoted himself so completely to architecture, condemned this idea, and asserted that Nature everywhere supplied stone suited to the climate and country, and a geologist can see the incongruity of building a house where its "formations" do not exist. Lord Headley, with real good taste, erected his mansion at Aghadoe of red sand-stone, quarried on his own estate in Glanbegh. And talking of geology, the fact was noticed to us that the peninsula of Muckross, which skirts the northern shore of Torc lake, is on one side composed of layers of brown stone, and the other of lime-stone, copper-mines, formerly worked here, being the division of these strata.

We re-entered the Lower Lake under Brickeen bridge, and coasted along the shores of Muckross, Castlelough, and Ross, passing a variety of small islands with fantastically-shaped arches and caves,

and many having some legend or story connected with them. We pause opposite Ross Castle, and Gandsey awakens the echoes. It is a lovely still evening, and the air being denser in the evening than in the morning, the vibrations are slower. Echoes, we know, are produced by the air being set in motion, and striking against some repelling object. Now we breathlessly listen to a "wild and melancholy strain" the best suited to the beautiful hour and scene. Before this proud old monument of other days, what more fitting than an Irish melody to awaken the slumbering echo! Our boatmen proceed on their homeward course, and long after we have landed those notes haunt me:—

"The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,—
A living voice—a breathing harmony—
A bodiless enjoyment."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAKES REVISITED. — O'DONOGHUE'S PRISON. — OLD WEIR BRIDGE. — ECHOES OF KILLARNEY. — EFFECT OF THE SINGLE BUGLE ON THE ECHOES. — LADY MULGRAVE AND THE WORTLE-BERRIES. — LONG RANGE. — THE PRIEST'S LEAP. — BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC SCENERY. — RONAYNE'S ISLAND. — PREPARATIONS FOR A FOX-HUNT. — GAP OF DUNLOE. — MELODIOUS FOX-HUNT IN THE GAP. — DINNER IN THE GAP HOTEL.

OUR early breakfast is speedily gone through next morning, and the dew is yet sparkling on the grass, as we wend our way to the boat ; a resolution has been moved and carried *nem. con.*, that all the party must be familiar with the lakes before fresh ground is explored. There are clouds resting on Tomies and Mangerton, but our boatmen assure us it will be a fine day, and most weather-wise they prove.

We cross the Lower Lake, passing pretty islands mostly composed of grey marble, and sending up flourishing trees as richly decked as if they sprang from the finest garden-loam. There is O'Donoghue's prison, and here are his wine-

cellars, and further on his library ; he was a great chieftain, according to the legends of the lakes, but, in my belief, in old Irish hospitality and old Irish learning I would fain believe his cellars and his book-shelves were more profitably supplied.

We disembark at the Old Weir Bridge, which we all heroically “shoot” on our return ; a rather hazardous exploit, unless your steersman be very steady, and that there is water enough in the bridge. The sensation of passing down so rapidly is agreeable, and I daresay the very fact of a little nervousness heightens the enjoyment ; at any rate, I confess to a pleasant feeling of security when our boat lay in the tranquil pool below the bridge.

Through a natural channel our way wound most delightfully, and we draw up opposite the Eagle’s Nest, and we pause for a few minutes while two of the boatmen prepare the cannon, and discharge it. No sound was returned to the report for some seconds, but then it came like approaching thunder ; and again another pause, and a second burst of echo, and then four distinct repetitions all along and around the hills, now dying away, now swelling again into loud tones.

Gandsey had disappeared over the top of the rock, but before leaving the boat he politely

enquired what were the ladies' favourite tunes; one, filled with a sudden *amor patriæ*, shouted out "Rule Britannia," another "Auld Lang Syne," and a third "The Groves of Blarney," and he pleased all parties by playing the two last named, and loyally substituting "God save the Queen" for the first.

The effect of the single bugle played here, must be heard to be understood; it is something like enchantment. A little child brought here some short time ago, on hearing the wondrous melody, clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Oh! mamma, mamma, there is a beautiful band playing up the mountains." The last notes of the Irish air had died away, and I thought how aptly the sweet lines of the Bard of Erin described what we had just heard.

"The wild notes he heard o'er the waters were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenàa's wooded shore.

"He listened—while high o'er the Eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes hung back from their full mountain choir,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

"It seemed as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!"

A little anecdote, so characteristic of native wit, was told me here, that I must insert it. In 1836 the popular Viceroy of Ireland, then Lord Mulgrave, visited Killarney, and on the stag-hunt day, the local enjoyment, *par excellence*, his Excellency and Lady Mulgrave mounted this rock, and seated on its summit, awaited the reappearance of the hounds who were lying *perdu* in the woods. A young mountaineer boldly approached the group and offered a plate of hurts or wortle-berries for sale. Lady Mulgrave taking them, expressed a wish to see the fruit on its parent stem; away scampered the boy and returned in a very short time with a prickly branch thickly studded with the little black berries, and this he tendered her ladyship, and on receiving a liberal reward, he made his exit from the scene in double quick time. The hurts he knew grew at some distance, but furze in plenty was near, and on the pricks of a branch of this he inserted the berries in a most natural manner, and all acknowledged the young rogue's wit deserved the reward it had obtained for him.

The passage to the Upper Lake, called the Long Range, is about three miles and a half in length, and is beautifully enclosed within mountains, and varied by fantastic rocks and pretty bays. The entrance to the Upper Lake

is so narrow that our boatmen had to shorten their oars, but that did not prevent their calling our attention to the print of Coleman's feet in the rock, this pass being called the priest's leap ; at any rate the priest's feet were not fellows ! The character of this lake is distinct from the others, and it is unsurpassed in variety and beauty, its numerous islands decked with the richest foliage, and its mountains wooded and rugged alternately, all combine to form a lovely scene. The lake is three miles long, but narrow. The mountain to the south called Cromiglaune rises from the very water :

“ Nor fern, nor sedge,
Pollute the clear lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink.”

Back of Cromiglaune is Esknamucky, and more westerly, Derrycunibeg, each with a fine cascade. We rowed up the last named river to the ruins of a once pretty cottage, the situation commanding a sweet view, and where now flowers bloom around in rich abundance, forming a striking contrast in their natural gay luxuriance to the ruined work of man.

We next ascended Ronayne's island, from which the best view of the lake is obtained ;

and we scarcely knew which side to turn to, such beauties arose around us.

Then we crossed to the landing place at Gheramine cottage, built in a viewless enclosure of thick evergreens, and the boldest amongst us ascended the tower in the little garden, which commanded a magnificent prospect; beyond, lay the wild Coom Dhubh (the Black Valley), with its lake and winding river sparkling in the sunbeams, and cased in by the majestic rocks. We lingered so long by the way that the shades of evening were falling as we reached Dinis Cottage, where we dined.

The slumbers of the lazy ones next morning are disturbed by considerable excitement at the hotel, an unusual relay of outside cars and ponies are drawn up outside, and, on enquiry, we find that there is to be a fox-hunt at the gap of Dunloe, and we are told that the music of the "Laune beagles" is worth listening to. We are further informed, that two packs of hounds are kept in the neighbourhood, one by a thorough sportsman, and the other by a young gentleman, who obligingly keeps his pack together during the summer months for stag-hunting, and boards them among his tenantry during the rest of the year.

We are off without delay, and a pleasant drive brings us opposite Dunloe castle, where we alight

from our vehicles to inspect a lately-discovered subterranean chamber, in a field by the road-side : it is formed by dry stone-work, confining the sides, and supporting the flags of the ceiling. In it were found some bones, some human, and some those of a pig, and a skull of an unusually large size, which quickly crumbled into dust on exposure to the air. On the supporting flags are inscriptions, in the Ogham character, read by antiquaries as two persons' names, and this very fact would prove it to be an ancient sepulchre.

Moore says that "The traditions relating to the use of the Ogham, in sepulchral inscriptions, may be traced far into past times, and among other ancient writings, in which allusion to it occurs, may be mentioned the tale of the three children of Usreach, 'one of the three tragic stories of Eirin,' in which the interment of the young lovers is thus druidically represented :—'After this song, Deirdri flung herself upon Naisi in the grave, and died forthwith ; and the stones were laid over their monumental heap, their Ogham name was inscribed, and their dirge of lamentation was sung.'"

The entrance to the Gap of Dunloe is terrifically grand ; on each side mountains project, and rocks upon rocks lie scattered about in seeming carelessness. The scenery here is so totally different

from the beauties at the other side of this mountain to our left, which is aptly termed the Purple mountain, not from the heather or heath-blossom, as many have supposed, but from the broken pieces of purple slate covering its surface. The readers of that highly-wrought tale, the "Collegians," will here recognise the temporary abiding place of the gentle Eily O'Connor, in Poll Naghten's house.

The road through the Gap winds, now round the mountain-side, overhanging a steep precipice, and now on the brink of a dark mountain-lake. There are five lakes, and we halted on the picturesque old bridge just below the second lake, when a burst of melody, from the finely-tongued beagles, made us turn our eyes to the mountain on our left. The hounds had just found a fox, and, high up the cliffs, we distinguished the pack, and, after them, scrambling through the steep rocks, the huntsmen in their red jackets. The effect was truly magnificent, for the cry of the dogs was chorused by numberless echoes all around the hills. Onward ran the fox, and close on his trail came the dogs, and onward, along the road, in cars and carriages, on horses and ponies, came, helter-skelter, the whole cavalcade of residents and strangers: it was a novel way of fox-hunting, and, certainly, a most gay, exhilarating

one. A fair equestrian loses her hat in the gallop, and a stout gentleman gets a roll in the dust, for his weight has proved too much for the well-used girths of the old saddle, but we all gain the height over the third lake, and here we pause. There is silence now among the pack, for the wily fox has skulked somewhere, and all eagerly listen ; there, a well-tried hound has found sly reynard, and, hark, the whole pack are again on him, with a crash, like a band of musicians. "Tally-ho ! tally-ho !" resounds up the mountains ; now the hounds hunt in view—now a cluster of rocks baffle them—the fox runs short—there he makes a quick turn, and down from the cliffs he comes, and, with the native gallantry of an Irishman, crosses the road, ahead of our cavalcade, the splendid pack in full cry. Back we turn, equestrians, charioteers, and pedestrians, and, far up the purple mountain, we descry the dogs, and, every now and then, their notes are borne to us on the wind ; the huntsmen toil up the steep ascent—there is a red jacket close to the pack—now they descend, and again we hear a crash, and now all is silent, and one feels almost sorry to hear that the poor fox is killed.

We have been hospitably invited to partake of a rural dinner in the homely Gap hotel, as it is called, and a merrier party never met round a

table, nor did more justice to the abundant good things, provided with true Killarney hospitality, St. Patrick looking down on us benignly all the time from an *al fresco* painting on the humble walls.

The view from the end of the Gap above the upper lake, and on the lakes of Coom Dhubh, is exquisite, and, as we returned through the Gap, amid the deepening shades of evening, a certain feeling of regret came over me that such a pleasant day was passed. There was much around us to recall other times, and I was picturing to myself the great convulsion of nature that rent these huge mountains asunder, and was weaving in my reverie a little romance about two of the first visitors to this chasm, and letting my pony go on unguided; there was a beautiful Milesian maiden, and, of course, a brave cavalier, belonging to the more ancient stock of the island, whom the sons of Milesius had deprived of his ancestral acres, and there was a courtship among those very scenes—I was far back in the past, when I was recalled to the present by the shrill voice of a ragged urchin, holding up before me a bunch of heath, surrounding a water-lily, and exclaiming, “Ah! gev me a ha’penny.”

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO AGHADOE CHURCH AND ITS POPULOUS CEMETERY.—
FOUNDATION OF AGHADOE.—ASCENT OF MANGERTON.—BEAU-
TIFUL PROSPECT.—ANNOYANCE OF MOUNTAINEER GUIDES.—
LOUGH KITTANE.—PECULIAR BROWN TROUT.—MUCKROSS
ABBEY.—TOMBS OF THE MACCARTHY MORE AND THE
O'DONOGHUE MORE.—“DRAKE, THE PILGRIM.”—FOUNDATION
OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.—FAMILY OF PRESENT POSSESSORS.—
MUCKROSS DEMESNE.—REVISIT MUCKROSS ABBEY.

YESTERDAY was too fine and too delightful a day to have many to-morrows like it, and so when we got up and found lake and mountains all shrouded in a thick mist, we could only remember that every life has rain as well as sunshine mingled in its course. And rain is now coming down in such torrents, patter, patter, as fully to enable us to comprehend how it can rain in Killarney. But M—— has prophesied that the afternoon will be fine, and he is right, and at the first faint promise of sunshine, away we go to Aghadoe Church on the hill side, with such a populous cemetery; skulls and bones lying

about, and sheep feeding among the tombs; yet it is a cheerful burying-place, if one can imagine this seeming contradiction: it looks down on such scenes as even spirits might delight to wander in.

In the interior of the old church, I saw a coffin; the lid was off, and within lay a form wrapped in now discoloured grave-clothes; about lay piled, broken coffins and bones, and one must shudder at such ghastly tokens of our mortality, and a stranger to the Irish character feel that in these exhibitions there must be a sort of disrespect to their dead. This is not the case. No nation respects their dead more—witness their wakes and funerals; and no nation loves more devotedly the grave, however humble, of their parents; and no nation believes more firmly in the promise of the resurrection!

I questioned a countryman as to why these bones and coffins were let lie about in that neglected manner, and he told me that every family had its own little grave, and that when that was too full of coffins, the oldest coffin was taken up, to give place to the new. “And sure,” he added, “all the church-yard is holy ground, praise be to God!”

Aghadoe was founded by an O'Donoghue; it was the seat of a bishop, and a little below it rise the

ruins of a round tower, and the episcopal see is still called that of Ardfert and Aghadoe.

The new church of Aghadoe is a small but pretty edifice, and close to it the late Lord Headley is interred. He was a most excellent benevolent nobleman, and all his exertions for his tenantry and the poor were admirably seconded, and since his death, have been carried out, by his most amiable widow.

We finished our rambles of this day by an evening stroll through Lord Kenmare's grounds, all nature looking lovely in the freshness of summer rain.

The ascent of Mangerton is our next exploit, and though a treacherous looking cloud rests on its brow, it does not discourage our attempt. At the village of Cloghereen we mount our ponies, which bring us safely to the Devil's Punch-bowl, which is of an oval form, about four furlongs round, and the water of an icy coldness. Here we dismount, and walk up the brow of the mountain, and pause every now and then to gaze on the beauty of the landscape lying below us. Northward are seen the Shannon and the Clare coasts; north-west, Castlemaine and Dingle Bays, with their chain of mountains; farther west the towering rocks attract attention, and immediately below lie the beauteous lakes in tranquil beauty;

turn to the south, and you have mountains, in varied shapes, with the Kenmare River gleaming between, and in the far distance, Bantry Bay.

One of our party, being a zealous botanist, picked up some curious specimens of mosses and ferns, and while he was carefully arranging them we bivouacked for a short space on the cliff side, looking down into the deep dark valley of Gleanne Coppall, or the "horses' glen;" around us are a "monster meeting" of mountaineers, headed by Sir Richard Courteney, knight, who tells that he derives his title from having ascended the mountain with a lord lieutenant, who being benighted on Mangerton, knighted him.

Many strangers have complained of the annoyance of such a concourse of guides following them, but we found more of the ludicrous than the disagreeable in our "tail." Our attempts to dissuade them from accompanying the party were quite unavailing, and as we paused on the summit, M—— tried his powers of eloquence in a rather lengthened oration, proving the mischief of idleness, the comfort of employment. A smart black-eyed nymph, evidently *l'enfant gâtée* of the troop, saucily replied "Sure, your honour, we work all the winter and spring, and, like the quality, we take our divarshion in the fine weather."

Ordering our ponies to meet us near the shores of Lough Kittane, we descended the footpath through the glen, and winding downwards it was toilsome; but the view of the beautiful and fantastically shaped mountains all around us, the dark lakes with the sun gleaming on their southern shores, and throwing the rest of their waters into deeper shadow, was well worth a far more trying pilgrimage.

Lough Kittane is two miles long, and one and a half broad, and is well supplied with excellent trout. We saw some patient anglers trying their skill as we passed.

There is a small river about seven miles from Killarney which flows from a small mountain-lake near the mountains called the Paps, into the river Flesk, in which are found during the summer months a very exquisite kind of brown trout. They do not rise to the fly, but are taken by nets: they are found only in this stream.

We retrace our steps to the village of Cloghreen next day, and enter beautiful Muckross, and immediately before us lies the old abbey, anciently called Irrelagh: it is a noble ruin, and until recent years was quite overgrown with rank weeds, and disfigured by the disinterred relics of mortality piled about in every direction; but now, the whole is kept in decent order, and the me-

mentos of our future, buried. It is said that none but Catholics are buried here ; it is a thickly peopled grave-yard, and as we loitered about the ruins, we heard approaching the plaintive wailing of the funeral cry, and from the pathway over the arched doorway entering the abbey we watched the solemn service of committing “dust to dust,” and the sonorous voice of the priest repeating the *Exequies* rose over the sobs of the women round the grave.

Muckross Abbey is in good preservation, the gloomy cloisters shaded by the monstrous yew measuring 13 feet in circumference, still very perfect ; and let the profane hand of the tourist tremble if he touch this sacred tree. Woes innumerable overshadow him, but I would not that any word of mine lessened the belief in this admirable superstition, so excellent in preserving unharmed this noble tree.

On entering the abbey by the arched doorway, highly adorned with an architrave and mouldings, we were struck by a monument erected by the inhabitants of Killarney, to a lady who was, I heard, taken suddenly from a life of active benevolence, deeply and deservedly lamented ; the monument is of Italian marble, already much injured by time. We pass various tablets to departed worth around us, and pause, facing

the beautiful Gothic window in the choir near the tomb of the MacCarthy More, and the O'Donoghue More, bearing this inscription written by a country schoolmaster.

“ What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains
In death's embrace MacCarthy More's remains ?
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man, spares not the good or great ;
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear perhaps that trickling falls,
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn ;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh ! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow,
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth O'Donoghue lies here.”

O'Donoghue More of the Glens, departed this life 21st February, 1803, aged 31 years. The last O'Donoghue who died in Italy in 1833, is also buried here: his only son, a minor, survives.

The number of rooms up-stairs in the abbey surprised me ; all have their different appellations, and one is particularly pointed out as the room in which “ Drake the pilgrim ” lived. Within the memory of the old people living around Muckross, this hermit took up his abode in the abbey, and whether he were a great saint

or a great sinner doing penance for some dark crimes, is, like most questions, a matter of doubt ; the local popular belief inclines to the former opinion, especially as Drake existed without any visible food, and it was supposed sometimes ate rats ! He disappeared from the scene leaving “ no trace behind.”

Muckross Abbey was founded in 1440, by Donald MacCarthy for Franciscan monks, repaired in 1602, and on the dissolution of religious houses, was granted, with Innisfallen Abbey, to Robert Collam. About a hundred years ago the bell belonging to it was found in the lake near Muckross shore.

The family of the present possessor of Muckross was among the Elizabethan settlers in Kerry ; their first settlement was near Castleisland in this county ; they were followers or dependants of the Lord Powis of that day, and they have prospered on the forfeited lands of the ancient races. They have had no reason to regret the more prosperous country they had left.

Muckross demesne is one of unrivalled beauty, and we had a delicious ramble on quitting the abbey, over the green hills, and then through the walks by the edge of the lake. A drive through the peninsula of Muckross brought us to Denis island, over Brickeen bridge ; and thence to the

Kenmare road. The magnificent mountains all around looked so enchanting in their lights and shadows, that we extended our drive to the Tunnel, and while our horses were taking a “thaste of oats,” as our coachman expressed it, we had an impromptu concert on the top of the Tunnel. Returning homewards, we stepped aside to view the very pretty waterfall of Esknamucky, and the beautiful one of Tore, supplied from the waters of the Devil’s Punch-bowl; a winding path brings us over the cataract. Our ascent to Mangerton has made us familiar with the view, but that to me only increases the charm of the lovely prospect.

Days glide by quickly in sweet Killarney, and the genuine hospitality, racy of the soil, is kindly extended to pilgrims in the “Land of the west.”

A week after our first visit to Muckross Abbey we are tempted to a second by a cloudless autumn-moon shining as brightly as an autumnal moon above can shine, and, as we stroll down the dark walk leading to the abbey, M—— repeats in low but clear tones—

“If thou wouldst view fair *Muckross* aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout the ruins grey,
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;—

* * * * *

Then go—but go alone the while,
And home returning soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair.”

And truly the scene before us was like the beautiful vision of a vivid dream, all around seemed so still, so calm, so unreal, so unlike the noisy world we had left behind.

M——’s example of repeating some appropriate lines of poetry, was followed by each of us as we stood together under the deep shadow of the yew in the cloister, and when it came to my turn, I chose those pretty lines written by G. R. P. James on his visit to Muckross Abbey, and I could fancy those “monks of old” hovering about those dim cloisters and winning their way to Heaven in blessed hope, looking calmly on the world they had quitted, and looking trustfully to the world they were journeying to.

“I envy them, those monks of old,
Their books they read, and their beads they told,
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life’s vanity.

“They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth
But charity.

“ I envy them : their cloister'd hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

“ The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity.

“ To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head,
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

“ No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke
When one brief moment it had spoke
To lose it suddenly.

“ Peaceful they lived, peaceful they died,
And those that did their fate abide
Saw brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

“ They loved not, dreamed not, for their sphere
Held not joy's visions ; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

“ I envy them, those monks of old,
And when their statues I behold
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy !

“ I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that float, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill
With bitter agony.”

CHAPTER XI.

STAG-HUNT IN LOCH LEIN.—RED DEER.—CAPTURE OF THE STAG.
—LUDICROUS CLOSE OF THE HUNT.—REVISIT GLENAA.—PECULIAR FASHION OF ROASTING SALMON.—MIRTH AND MUSIC.
—STAG-HUNT OF OTHER DAYS.

ALL strangers visiting Killarney, look with much pleasure to witnessing the far-famed sport of a stag-hunt on lovely Loch Lein, and we accepted with pleasure an invitation to attend one in a kind friend's boat, and by the appointed hour, twelve o'clock, we were punctually at the place of meeting, which was the farthest extremity of the Upper Lake.

The owner of the summer pack gives frequent stag-hunts ; that is, he names a day for one, and you see the hounds and the huntsmen, and at rare intervals you may catch a glimpse of the stag, or something like it, which probably turns out to be a cow. But these hunts, though often complete failures as far as regards sport, are benefits to residents, strangers, boatmen, guides ; they bring all together, and the multitudes of

boats filled with gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen, all moving about amid that lovely scenery, presents a most pleasing picture.

The red deer abound through the Killarney mountains; they are a beautiful animal, and in this harmless hunting, escape without injury from the hounds.

Here we have paused on our oars a full hour, and no dogs or huntsmen have we yet seen; but we are more disposed to give Mr. H—— many good wishes for bringing us to such a beautiful scene, than the reverse for the non-appearance of the hunt.

Hark! there is a shout in that wood to the left, called Crohane. “Probably that’s an imprime,” exclaims a sportsman near me;—there the dogs give tongue, chopping, now one dog, now another, and then there is silence.

We row about, and gaze and gaze again all around us. Our neighbours in the boats all seem in as good humour as is our merry party—and who could help feeling a joyous mood in sweet Killarney?

We are now up the Derrycunibeg river, and on the marsh, to our right hand, are two or three straggling hounds, looking very much as if they did not exactly know what was expected of them; they disappear from the scene, a succession of

mountaineers take their place, and there are a few enterprising tourists on mountain-ponies—come, this looks something like a hunt !

Another long pause, enlivened by the hum of conversation, and in the boats now and again a silvery laugh. Listen, there is a shout—another, and another ; this is exciting ; we all stand up, and advancing from the woods, across the marsh is a crowd of men, bearing the stag, not wounded or maimed, or dead, but struggling, in the full vigour of a sturdy mountaineer, against this inglorious capture ;—he is blindfolded, tied all fours together, in the farmer's fashion of securing a calf which he is taking to market, hauled roughly into a boat, and rowed away, all panting and foaming, to Muckcross. He is safe from the dogs, which are “nowhere.”

A band in a neighbouring boat strikes up, “See the conquering hero comes,” but whether the tune is meant to honour the stag for conquering the hounds, or the man that holds down the poor animal's head, I was unable to ascertain.

Glenàa is our resting-place, and we gladly revisit its delightful walks, awaiting the hour of dinner : among the preparations for it we inspect the salmon-roasting, in that fashion peculiar to Killarney. The fish was cut into pieces, and these were dexterously inserted on little wooden

spits ; a turf or peat fire was kindled in the open air, and round it stuck upright in the sod was the salmon, which was carefully basted with salt and water sprinkled on it from a verdant bunch of arbutus.

There was abundance of mirth and music that pleasant evening, and dancing kept up with spirit, first on the green sward, overhanging the lake, and then in the banqueting room, to which the rain drove us.

I had been anticipating a moonlight row across that beauteous lake, but instead, I had a very damp one under a dripping umbrella, shared with a most agreeable elderly gentleman, a keen sportman, who, in commenting on the laughable attempt at a stag-hunt we witnessed to-day, gave me the following little sketch which I give in his own words.

A STAG-HUNT OF OTHER DAYS.

“ ‘The good old times’ is a sentence in every one’s mouth who has seen something of life, and I never can more aptly use the term than in applying it to the stag-hunts we used to have in Killarney some years ago.

“ It was then worth getting your boat and crew into order, and a good broiling from the

sun, or a good wetting, was cheaply purchased by the pleasure of a real hunt.

“I well remember the stag-hunt I am about to describe to you; the public announcement of it appointed Tomies as the place of meeting, and added—‘That the mountains would be manned, and the hounds laid on at precisely twelve o’clock.’

“The morning dawned in summer brightness, the lake lay unruffled in glassy stillness, reflecting the mountains, and tracing the beautiful islands in shadowy verdure, on its bosom.

“At the then place of embarkation, Ross Quay, all was noise and confusion; each crew emulously struggling to have their boat off first, to have the honour of gaining the place of rendezvous before their rivals.

“I recollect three young boys in a punt striving vigorously to beat a six-oared whaler, their little arms manfully plying their oars, and their cockswain, an old woman, with a basket of fruit and cakes, urging them on.

“The signal-gun was just fired, when we reached the Tomies shore, and a short pause of almost breathless silence ensued.

“Our boatmen told us a stag was ‘in lair’ in a small copse near the lake’s edge, and that some mountaineers had seen him that morning.

“Very soon the hounds got on his track, and roused him from his repose; they ‘gave tongue’ in magnificent style, and their cry resounded and was reverberated by numberless echoes from the cliffs around. But our whole attention was now fixed on the stag, who, driven from his lair, appeared galloping along the shore towards Benson’s Point, now for some hundred yards in view, by the water’s edge, and now disappearing among the thickets, the hounds following quickly on his scent; the leading dog pauses for a moment, as if to make sure, then bays joyfully, and the whole pack join in the cry. I felt a degree of fear for the beautiful animal’s safety, but a second thought told me he would tire out hounds and huntsmen before he was taken—and so he did.

“Along the shore the pack undeviatingly tracked him; he, however, ‘doubled’ on his pursuers, and twice appeared among the opens at Tomies.

“A movement among the boats now attracted our attention, and the cry of ‘the stag’s making for the cascade,’ put our boat in motion: all the crews strenuously exerted themselves to lose no time in gaining that point.

“Here we rested on our oars; for a time all was silence amid the woods, when suddenly there

arose shout upon shout from the hunters, followed by the deep-toned bay of some of the hounds, who had an 'imprime,' and then the whole pack joined in.

" 'Rockwood, I hear you; forward on him, Bluemaid, and Snowball,' shouted the full clear-toned voice of the master of the pack, with the unmistakable enthusiasm of the real sportsman, and through the woods towards Glenàa on dashed the stag, the hounds pursuing him, and on we went, hunting in boats.

" Into that exquisite bay near Glenàa, between Stag and Burnt Island, all the foremost boats rowed.

" Above, rose hills upon hills, clothed in the richest woods, and amid these appeared an occasional hunter in his red jacket; the hounds were in full cry, and their music came clearly down to us, with now and then the inspiring shout of a huntsman — the stag is over the brow of the mountain, and on the shore beyond this bay he appears, clears at a bound some fishing nets hanging on poles, and dashes again into the woods.

" To me it seemed almost impossible that the huntsmen could follow him through those thick steep woods, but they did so. Here for about half an hour he baffled his pursuers; an occasional

burst from the hounds made us hope he was again found, and so he was.

“ ‘He’ll make for the Eagle’s Nest,’ shouted a mountaineer on the strand, and this was the signal for a regular boat-race, or rather an irregular succession of them to the Old Weir bridge. Such a scene of confusion as it presented can be more readily fancied than described.

“ Beyond Miss Plummer’s island we paused, and soon breaking from the woods on our right hand, and crossing the swampy land, appeared the stag. Many boats rowed forward to intercept his progress, but on the request of the master of the hounds to ‘give fair play,’ they drew back, and he swam the channel just ahead of us in gallant style. He turned towards Torc: instead of waiting to see the hounds, just then issuing from the wood, track him to the water’s edge, as I should have preferred, the boatmen would not hear of such a disgraceful delay, and amid a second edition of the confusion of our upward voyage we struggled onward to Torc lake.

“ Happy those in the last boat up the Old Weir bridge, for they were the first down, and still happier those who gained their destination without broken oars, or wet clothes splashed in the commotion.

“ The quiet lake presented that day a most

animated and beautiful scene; the water was a deep glassy blue, and the woods were just beginning to be tinted by the varied foliage of autumn. I reckoned sixty-seven boats, and many of these being private ones, had handsome flags; the crews wore pretty boating costumes; one sail-boat alone was out, and its white sail hung idly in the still air. Sail-boats are considered very dangerous on those lakes, owing to the frequent mountain-squalls.

“There is a burst of melody from the hounds, and we hear that the stag dashed along the new line of road frightening several pedestrians, and some fair equestrians.

“‘Come out the boats,’ is now the cry, and down on the lake’s edge, near Dinis island, the stag appears, and takes the Sorgle most gracefully; the hounds follow close, and plunge into the water after him. It was a charming sight to see the noble animal swimming gallantly away, seeking protection from man, and the now tired hounds panting after him.

“One staunch old dog had closed in on him—he is weary, but he makes one spring forward, and rests on the stag’s back, and from this position he is taken, the stag safely captured by one of the hardiest boat-crews, and the dogs called to shore by the huntsman.

“And now it was really a gay scene, the boats were all collected as near as they could round the boat in which lay the stag, with oars up, and bugles playing : I counted five different tunes, all echoed back from the mountains, making such a medley of sounds.

“From this we repaired to Glenàa bay, and there the stag was ‘enlarged’ or set at liberty, and he swam bravely back to his mountain-solitudes ; he gained the strand, a loud hurrah ! proclaimed him free, he looked round as if to acknowledge the compliment, tossed his beautiful antlers, and darted into the woods.

“This stag was nine years old ; the age of deer is ascertained by the number of horns on their antlers ; they shed these every year, and most carefully conceal them, the mountaineers say, and every new pair brings an additional horn.

“The stag-hunt was now over, and we all moved towards Innisfallen, where every rock was converted into a dining-table, and later on, dancing began on the green before the old banqueting house, strangers mingling with strangers, and all enjoying themselves.

“The evening shades were deepening into night, when we disembark for Ross Quay. A merry group attracted my attention going to the boat, they were gaily dancing to the music of a piper

who played very appropriately in jig-time, ‘We won’t go home till morning;’ and among the dancers I recognized the sturdy young boatmen of the morning, looking on, and with a now empty basket by her side, sat their old coxwain. Ah ! these were really the ‘gay old times,’ the like of which we shall never again see in Killarney.”

CHAPTER XII.

EXCURSION TO KENMARE.—DRUIDICAL CIRCLE AT LISSAVIGEEN.
—THE ROBBER'S CAVE.—KENMARE HOTEL.—CASTELLATED
POLICE STATION.—CHARMING SCENERY.—BONFIRES AND RE-
JOICINGS FOR MR. O'CONNELL'S LIBERATION.—A MOUNTAIN-
EXCURSION.—TRADITION RESPECTING KILLALEE CHURCH.—
HAG'S GLEN.—ASCENT OF CARRAN TUAL MOUNTAIN.—PER-
DITION PASS.—SCENE FROM THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.—ROSS ISLAND.
—ROSS CASTLE.—RURAL RAMBLES.—THUNDER-STORM AMONG
THE MOUNTAINS.

WE had for some days been planning an excursion to Kenmare, and we say "good night," resolving that we will make the attempt to-morrow. We are up betimes, for it is now early September, and consequently the days are shortening.

Our cars come to the door, and well provided with coats, cloaks, and umbrellas, with capes warranted impervious to the rain: that they are not so to mountain-showers C——'s once green dress (varied now blue and yellow) can testify.

Away we go, though there is a drizzling mist, and the mountains look suspiciously foggy: we

rattle through Killarney, bringing more than one sleepy face surmounted by a night-cap to look at us from the windows in the "New street," rather ridiculously so called, and we drive on to Glenfleet.

About three miles from Killarney, we turn off the main road to inspect a very perfect Druid's circle, at Lissavigeen. This druidical circle consists of seven upright stones, about three and a half feet high, and of two upright stones, of larger dimensions; these are surrounded by a circular embankment, measuring about 140 feet in circumference, distant nearly 30 feet from the stones.

"Pray don't neglect to quote Moore on druidical circles," said M——, laughing, and I follow his advice. In vol. i. chap. 2, of his "Irish History," he mentions them as thickly scattered through Ireland.

"That most common of all Celtic monuments, the Cromlech," he writes, "which is found not only in most parts of Europe, but also in Asia, and exhibits, in the strength and simplicity of its materials, the true character of the workmanship of antiquity, is also to be found in various shapes and sizes among the mountains of Ireland.

"The rough unhewn stone, however, used in their circular temples by the Druids, was the true

orthodox observance of the Divine command delivered to Noah, 'If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt build it of hewn stone.' For even those nations which lapsed into idolatry still retained the first patriarchal pattern, and carried it with them in their colonizing expeditions throughout the world. All monuments, therefore, which depart from the primitive observance just mentioned are to be considered as belonging to a comparatively recent date."

There is a partial gleam of sunshine as we approach the mountains; there are our old friends Torc and Mangerton, and the Sugar Loaf over Lough Kittane, and our road winds by Crohane, passing Killaha, an old O'Donoghue castle on our right, and enters the wild mountain-pass of Philadown; the river is foaming by us, swelled by the recent rain, and various little miniature cascades tumble down the steep rocks by our way-side.

Our president calls a halt, and up the mountain we scramble, to visit the robber's cave, called Labbig Owen, or Owen's bed, the retreat of a noted robber, who, for years, lived securely here.

Slipping and sliding, we regain our cars, and hold a council as to whether it is best to return at once to Killarney or proceed on our excursion, for the rain has again returned to us.

Onwards, onwards is the cry of the glorious minority, so the majority have only to button up their coats, raise their umbrellas, and say they defy the rain. Certainly, we look unlike a party in search of the picturesque. We drive by Crohane wood, and catch glimpses of hazy mountains, and of flooded rivers: we pass Kilgarvan, but neither its ruins nor its mines induce us to delay, and we reach the hotel at Kenmare, with our spirits rather depressed, and our garments proving they were not impermeable. But what will not a blazing turf-fire, an appetising early dinner, with Blackwater salmon, and a promise of a fine evening for our homeward route, effect?

Three hours' rest here worked a wondrous change in the inward and outward man, and we bid a temporary adieu to Kenmare in high good humour, determining to visit it again, *en route* to Glengariff.

The weather keeps the pledge given us, and the sun is preparing to "haste to the beautiful west," as we gain the summit of the mountain-road, pass through Coom Dhubh (the Black Pass), leave Fordell lake on our right hand, farther on a castellated police-station (police, in these lovely solitudes, seem out of keeping), and below us lies such a view, the three lakes hemmed in by their guardian mountains, and around us the luxuriant

woods, glistening in the rain-drops ; we are at home again amid these scenes, and our drive to Cloghereen is a continuation of charms. Night is closing in as we cross Flesk Bridge.

A sudden blaze of light is visible on Aghadoe Hill ; it is a bonfire, now another, and another, and, in a few minutes, I count sixteen different beacon-fires, all around the hills. What can be the reason ?

We enter Killarney, and that thrilling, joyous shout comes pleasantly to tell us that O'Connell is free. The sentence that imprisoned him has been reversed by the Lords Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell ; the mail from Dublin has just brought the glad tidings, and the townspeople seem in a frenzy of joy. There are partial illuminations, hurriedly got up ; there are tar-barrels blazing, and the ringing cheer, sending up a prayer and a blessing on the liberated old man, and we drive through the crowded streets, and think how truly he lives in the hearts of the people.

On the following night the whole town was very prettily illuminated ; we were invited to a dancing party, and our gaiety within doors was but the echo of that without, for, when we drove away, the streets were still crowded, and, round the huge bonfires, dancing was kept up with spirit.

The week following this, one of our most delightful day, in delightful Killarney, was spent among the rocks, where a party had been kindly planned for our amusement. There was to be the ascent of Carran Tual, for the most adventurous, a hunt in the valleys below it, and a dinner at a rural mountain-lodge, and we eagerly watched the setting sun on the previous evening, and augured favourably from a glorious sunset, and, later on, from a clear starry night.

That we were not sluggards on the morrow may be easily imagined, and our cars and ponies were in requisition at a very early hour, and all the weather-wise assured us the day seemed as if bespoken for our mountain-excursion. We followed for about four miles the same road that leads to the Gap of Dunloe.

I noticed on our right beyond Aghadoe, the small ruined church of Killalee by the roadside, and I was told it was an old Catholic chapel of ease to Killarney, and the local tradition respecting it is, that a MacCarthy More, who then lived at New Pallio (now Grena), being one Sunday late for mass, felt so enraged with the clergyman for commencing the service without him, that he raised his riding-whip and struck the clergyman on the altar, and after this, the chapel was never used as a place of

worship, and the race of this branch of the MacCarthy More became extinct.

Our drive was through a wild bleak country with beautiful mountains before us, and winding round one, we came on a sweet valley so shut out from the world, the brawling river Giddah being the only noise in the solitude.

This silence was short, for we halted at a mountain-lodge, and a large merry party awaited us. Here our plans were fixed for the ascent of the mountain. Some ladies and several gentlemen declared their wish to make the attempt, but when we came afterwards to its base, the number diminished to one enterprising lady and five gentlemen.

The valley below the rocks is most magnificent ; it is called the Coom Collee, or Hag's Glen, and on the mountain-side is shown the hag's tooth, a very formidable piece of rock ; the lakes on each side lying so calm in the deep shades of the huge mountains, are a great addition to the beauty of the scene. By these lakes we had to dismount from our ponies, and scrambling over rocks, we came to the very foot of Carran Tual rising abruptly above us.

It is quite impossible to ascend those steep rocks, the height being 3410 feet.

“The mountain is perpendicular!” were the

exclamations of the lagging party, and they seated themselves on the rocks around to await the hunt. The hounds were now beating about, trying to start a hare, and we turned to a toilsome ascent. The path, if path it could be called, lay between rough rocks, and strewn with shingle, was very unpleasant walking; literally perpendicular it was in some places. On and on we toiled, something on the principle of the snail, two steps up and one down; but we gained the top of the pass, and there rested awhile from our labours, enjoying an exquisite view.

The ravine we had just passed was called some years since by an Englishman who ascended the mountain “Perdition Pass,” a very appropriate name.

As we sat there, the cry of the hounds came up to us from the valley below, multiplied by numerous reverberations from the mountains around.

A little above this pass we came on a beautiful spring-well, and having first washed our hands in the cooling element, we had a refreshing draught, the first being a very necessary precaution before the second is attempted.

The remainder of the ascent being a gradual rise is comparatively easy, and we stood on the summit of the highest mountain in Ireland,

and looked down on a prospect I never saw equalled.

It was a singularly clear day, a cold easterly wind blowing high up the mountain; northward lay the Shannon, the county Clare, and beyond it the county Galway, with Galway Bay, and the south isles of Arran; westerly, the Kerry coast, with its bays and mountains, and farther west and south, mountains on mountains, with innumerable dark lakes lying between them in deep solitude. Their pointed and varied shapes recalled to me those lines:

“And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling
Mighty and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a godhead’s dwelling.”

The Kenmare river, with Bantry Bay and their mountains, complete a view that must be seen to be understood. No song could be more appropriate to the occasion than the “Land of the West,” which one of our party sang with great feeling; but it was more the “Land of the mountain and the flood” than the “Sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea.”

Our descent was rapid—unlike real life, moralized M——, for in early morning how easy is our onward course, how smooth our noontide, and how uncertain our evening, and often troubled our close of night!

We were greeted with various lamentations by our friends in the valley for the beautiful hunt we had missed ; and we on our part condoled with the lazy ones on the view they had lost seeing ; so we mutually sought consolation in each other's disappointments, verifying La Rochefaucauld's saying, " that there is something pleasing to us in the misfortunes of even our friends."

Perhaps there was even more comfort in the excellent dinner after the bracing mountain-air, and above all in that genuine cordiality which seemed the reflection of the out-of-door's sunshine, some gay country dances to the music of the bagpipes, played by Gandsey, was a very agreeable finale to a most delightful day.

We were well disposed for a quiet day after this very fatiguing one, and with some friends, we strolled through the grounds and drives of Ross Island, whose pretty trim parterres and nursery gardens are not, to my taste, in keeping with the scenery around : there is one beautiful walk in West Ross, in which we long loitered, as the industrious among us proved by bunches of wild strawberries strung on the long grass. The trees in this island were cut down in 1803, but have all grown up again, or have been replaced by others, now thriving in beauty and variety.

There were very extensive copper-mines here, which have many years ceased to be worked; near them we noticed a very fine grey marble quarry.

At the entrance to these pleasure-grounds stands Ross Castle, built by the family of the O'Donoghue Ross; it was taken by General Ludlow, in 1652; it was the last place in Munster that surrendered to the English. From the top of the castle there is a lovely view; the building adjoining it was built as a barrack, and troops were quartered here. But of recent years the roof has been taken off, and ivy planted against the walls, so that it gives promise of soon looking like a real ruin.

We were now quite familiar with beautiful Killarney, but before we left, we had delightful rural rambles, some on our unfailing mountain ponies, and some walks through Lord Kenmare's deer-park, a miniature Dargle, and through many of the gentlemen's pretty places all around us.

One sunny morning we rode by the shores of the Lower Lake, crossed the Laune ferry, which is quite passable in dry weather, and keeping a rude "bridle road," *i.e.* a road on which a bridle is of no use, we came into Tomies wood, now blending in its autumnal tints every variety of shade, and contrasting with the dark

holly, which is here in such profusion. We crossed the stream, which forms O'Sullivan's Cascade, and came on a sweet view; the bold bare rock, called the "minister's back," projecting before us, and below the tranquil lakes, now all ruffled with a dark mountain-squall, which ended in a loud peal of thunder, echoed all around by numberless echoes. We had been wishing to hear a thunder-storm among the mountains, and we were gratified now, but we had not wished for the thorough wetting it brought us; however, we must take the good and bad as they come, and bear the last for the first.

The storm was brief, but most grand, and the torrents of rain so speedily swelled the river, that we had to lengthen our ride over Beaufort Bridge, and the long gallop round saved us all from colds. Good and bad again.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WILD-STRAWBERRY GIRL OF KILLARNEY.

ANY one who has visited Killarney, will remember that numbers of peasant girls endeavour to earn a livelihood, during the summer and autumn months, by selling to the tourists that visit the lakes, the wild fruits of the woods, the wild strawberry, the hurts or wortle-berry, and the hazel-nut, with goats' milk and *potheen* or "mountain dew."

At the several stations on the lakes where strangers have to disembark from their boats, groups of these mountaineers are to be met, all hours of the long summer day.

On a very lovely July forenoon, a party of these strawberry girls awaited the arrival of tourists, below the Old Weir bridge; they were seated on rocks under the shade of the oak-trees, which in this spot are of large growth, and some were knitting industriously, whilst the greater number sat idly talking and laughing;

all were provided with plates filled with wild strawberries, and with small wooden vessels in which was goats' milk.

A little apart from the rest, a very young girl was seated on a fallen tree; she seemed to have numbered scarcely twelve years, and as she diligently plied her knitting needles, she hummed in a low sweet tone an old Irish air.

She was very pretty, with a face to be long remembered—large full brown eyes, and dark lashes, rosy cheeks, and rosy lips, with a small mouth and white teeth, and a countenance expressive of goodness, tenderness, intellect, and a cheerful disposition.

Beside her was her milk-vessel, covered by a plate of wild strawberries, tastefully arranged among the shining leaves of the arbutus. The peasant girls crowded to the landing-place, all except this little girl who timidly kept back, and each one presented her fruit and milk for sale.

A young lady and gentleman of the party who had just landed, had come to Killarney to pass their honeymoon, observing her look, advanced towards her, and asked her why she did not offer her fruit like the rest.

“’Tis her first day here, ma’am, and she’s strange,” put in another of the strawberry girls; “’twill be charity to buy from her, for luck-sake

even, and the sick father trusting to her." And as she spoke, she gave her an encouraging push forward, till blushing brightly, the child held up her plate of strawberries.

"They look very nice, and are so tastefully arranged," said the lady smiling; "if fresh, we will buy them," and she took off her arm a small bag of blue velvet beautifully worked in silver beads, and drew out from it a well-filled purse, which glittered in the sunbeams.

"Oh! then to be sure they are fresh," said the friend; "what else would they be?"

"Are they freshly picked, little girl?" asked the gentleman, noticing her hesitation.

"I picked them yesterday morning, sir," faltered she.

"And the goats' milk, that is fresh I am certain," said the lady kindly, still holding the tempting purse in her hand.

"'Tis not from the goat at all, at all, ma'am," replied the girl encouraged by the kind tone; "'tis cow's milk a neighbour gave us."

"'Twas her own share I'll engage," observed the other girl; "she did not keep it from her father or brother."

"What is your name, my good honest little girl?" asked the lady.

"Mary MacCarthy, ma'am," said she, look-

ing up into the kind eyes that were gazing on her.

The gentleman took the strawberries, and his wife placed five shillings in Mary's little hand.

"Buy what you like with this, my good girl," said she, "and remember they are not the price of your strawberries, but a trifling reward for your priceless honesty."

Mary burst into tears, she had never possessed so much money before, and the lady, moved by this display of feeling, questioned her friend about her story, who, on the way to their boat, narrated, with unbounded good-nature, her simple story.

There was nothing new in this, or worth repeating; her parents had been better off, but sank from misfortune to misfortune until they ended in direct poverty.

The mother, fortunately for her, was soon removed by death, and the family consisted of an ailing and almost helpless father, an idiot boy, and poor little Mary, who was the only mother of the one, and the only servant of the other, and who sold wild strawberries to assist the kindness of the neighbours in keeping all three.

Oh! how happy was Mary that day! but she would show her kind benefactress how grate-

ful she was, so, leaving her companions, she crossed the Old Weir bridge, determined to gather some fresh strawberries.

A short time refilled her plate, and she hastened on with it towards the station at the Eagle's Nest, to wait there the return of the boat.

Something very glittering catches her eye near the top of the rock, she goes towards it, and there, lying near a bush of heath, is the beautiful bag she had seen in her benefactress's hand. Mary took it up; never before had she seen anything so lovely, and it was heavy, for the purse within was well filled.

The boat at length came round from the Upper Lake, and Mary stood timidly, until the lady noticed her, when she restored the lost bag, and offered her strawberries, and then gladly hastened away from the admiring strangers.

Next morning Mary went to Finn's Hotel in Killarney, to which she had been summoned, and returned to her lonely cabin with several useful gifts from the generous strangers.

"I valued that bag, Mary," said her new friend to her at parting; "it was worked for me by a beloved sister, and you see the letters of my name are on it, A. F.—Annie Fairfax. To prove to you how much I value your honesty, I will leave it with you as a remembrance of me,

and when I return to my home in Devonshire I will tell my sister your story, and she will work me another bag." And the tourists went on their way of pleasure, and from that day forward, the wild-strawberry girl was called by no other name than Mauragh Mocaunta, or Honest Mary.

Four summers went by, and Mary MacCarthy had unceasingly continued to work early and late for her infirm father; during the summer and autumn months she was occasionally to be seen at her old stations at the Old Weir bridge, or at the Eagle's Nest, but never without her knitting; and in the winter and spring, she toiled for hours each day, as helper to a neighbouring farmer's wife, and her scanty earnings were well husbanded. She had early learned prudence, and in the improved look of the humble cabin could be seen the good effects of her thrifty management, and honest Mary grew up to be a young woman loved and respected by all who knew her.

A stag-hunt on the lakes of Killarney has been for many years an object of great attraction to strangers. The red deer abound in the woods round the lakes; they are a very beautiful animal, and when hunted, are generally fortunate enough to escape serious injury from the hounds.

In order to baffle their pursuers, or to refresh themselves, they often "take the Sorgle," and are captured by the crew of some boat, carefully taken into it, and set at liberty at a distance from the place they were found in.

A cloudless September day ushered in a stag-hunt the very month Mary completed her sixteenth year. Some kind friends from Colghereen had prevailed on her to come with them to see it; her cousin Nelly, the same generous girl whom we have above called her friend, had taken charge of her father for that day, and Mary, with a gay heart, joined the party; but amid her gaiety, her duties were not forgotten, for she carried on her arm a basket of ripe hazel-nuts, very prettily arranged among the beautiful silvery moss which grows luxuriantly in swampy places.

The public announcement of the stag-hunt had appointed Benson's Point as the place of meeting. And as Mary sat with her friends, awaiting the commencement of the hunt, under the trees near the landing-place to O'Sullivan's Cascade, many admiring eyes were fixed upon her. Her dress, though of the very coarsest materials, was put on with care and even taste; her gown of dark brown camlet set off to advantage her tall slight figure; a showy cotton handkerchief was modestly

crossed on her bosom, a snow-white apron completed her costume, for the comfortable dark blue cloth cloak which hung on her shoulders, and which she seemed so careful of, had only been lent to her for the day; her dark hair was drawn smoothly back, and coquettishly fastened at the back of her small head with a coloured wire-comb.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WILD-STRAWBERRY GIRL OF KILLARNEY, CONTINUED.

A STRANGE boat came now to the rude quay, and from it jumped on shore four sailors, who had come, it was said, all the way from the Cove of Cork, (now loyally Queenstown), to row a match against a Killarney boat and crew.

The sailors walked by the party Mary was with, and one of them observing her beautiful face, stopped to gaze, and seeing her basket of nuts, advanced towards her and begged to know if he might purchase some.

He was a fine young man, with a gay honest countenance, and as he broke the nuts, he lingered by Mary, and entered into conversation with her friends; one of them soon discovered in him the son of a cousin who had left Killarney many years before, and had married a Cork ship-wright, and he quickly found himself looked on as an old acquaintance.

With this new companion, the stag-hunt and

the boat-race which followed were doubly enjoyed by poor Mary ; and then the boats moved to "sweet Innisfallen," where the old abbey walls rang to the sounds of merriment from many a joyous group dining within and without its ancient enclosures.

As happy as any of the great or gay were Mary MacCarthy and her friends, with their new acquaintance Charles Kavanagh, who seated near a bright peat-fire in a shady nook, by one of those exquisite bays with which Innisfallen is indented, partook amidst laughter and jest of their homely yet plentiful fare.

Long did they linger over their meal, listening with delighted attention to his accounts of the wonders he had seen, and of his almost miraculous escapes from shipwrecks, told with the genuine enthusiasm of a sailor.

The cloudless moon was high in the heavens that night before "sweet Innisfallen" was deserted ; and Mary's humble home was changed in her dreams to a wondrous ship, in which Charles Kavanagh told her of marvellous tales of brave sailors.

It was on a lovely evening late in autumn in the year following this stag-hunt, Mary was seated at her cabin-door, diligently peeling rushes for winter-lights.

The setting sun shed its glorious beams on the lovely scene before her, gilding the placid lakes, and tinging all the beauteous landscape with a golden light.

Near her cabin a group of hardy hollies with their coral berries glittered in the sunshine, and birds were chirping gaily among the shelter of their branches; the sound of life from the village below came up softened by the distance, and Mary sighed gently, for she felt herself alone.

Charles Kavanagh had loitered in Killarney during the last autumn, and before he went away had declared himself her lover; the long winter had passed, and the cheerful spring and summer come again and gone, and he had not returned. But Mary had hidden her sorrow in her own bosom, and continued unchanged her life of usefulness; still she never visited her old stations on the lakes, though she sometimes sold wild strawberries and goats' milk to strangers ascending Mangerton.

Mary now pauses in her employment to gaze on a figure rapidly advancing towards her, and her hand is not withdrawn from Charles Kavanagh's affectionate pressure.

"Oh! it seems a long, long time since I have seen you, Mary darling," said he, "and in all I have gone through, I have longed for this hour."

"'Tis a'most twelve months," replied Mary, smiling through the tears which filled her eyes.

"And did you think I had forgotten you, Mary?" asked Charles, sadly; "and don't you love me after all?"

"Oh! yes, yes, indeed I do, and well," sobbed Mary, and she rubbed her hand across her eyes, and looked up in her lover's face with a happy smile.

"God bless you for that word, Mary dear," exclaimed Charles, "and I did not forget you for one hour. It was to make money for you I took service on board a merchant-ship bound from Cork to Lisbon, and I took a bad fever there, and when I recovered from it I was so weak I could not return home for some time. But now, Mary, my heart's love, I am come to you with my mother's blessing, and I'll take you back with me, please God, and I'll be a fond husband to you. I've a promise of certain employment in Cork Harbour, and indeed I'll try to make you happy."

Mary hung her head, and tears trickled down her cheeks.

"My mother is a kind good woman," continued Charles, "and my little sister, a quiet merry child, and they'll both be very fond of you; and we have such a snug little cottage with a pretty

garden on the hill-side near Cove, and below you'll see the beautiful sea, with all the ships from distant countries—and we'll be very happy, Mary."

Poor Mary wept convulsively for a short time, and then she seemed to make a great effort as she spoke.

"'Tis you are kind and good to me, Charlie machree," said she, "and I'd want no comforts to make me happy as your wife. I'd work cheerfully early and late for you, for I'm used to the hard life; but do you think I'd leave my poor old father, and poor Willie for all the world, and they having no one to look up to but me? I'd ill deserve your love, Charlie, if I did—Oh! no, no, while God gives me health and strength I'll work for them, and try to keep cold poverty from them. And every day I'll pray for you, Charlie, and love you, and wish you to be happy," and a gush of tears spoke the truth of the feelings of her full young heart.

Charles Kavanagh, as he wiped a tear from his eye, said in a tremulous tone, "Mary, my darling, were I alone I'd come and live here, and labour willingly for you, but you know I too have a parent looking up to me, and I can't leave her. We must strive to hope for better days, and if ever you want a friend, Mary, think of me—God bless you, for you deserve to be

happy," and he was gone swiftly down the mountain side.

The beautiful sun had sunk behind the lofty mountains, the lakes looked dark, a gloom had settled on the exquisite landscape, and poor Mary looked up, and she was alone.

And now it was that this virtuous girl, this true model of filial piety found the reality of her self-sacrifice, and hers was indeed the meritorious self-sacrifice ! Her love for her poor infirm father was earnest and devoted and self-denying, and she never hesitated to sacrifice to it her love for Charles Kavanagh.

The nobleness of her sorely-tried heart came forth in the struggle, she hid within her own breast the anxiety of her new love, and she patiently toiled on through her life of poverty.

Years went by with little variation in Mary's life, her brother had died after weary months of painful illness, and her father had become more requiring, more feeble, and more querulous.

Every summer brought back Charles Kavanagh, faithful to his attachment, and every meeting of theirs found Mary steadfast in her love for him, but steadfast still in her purpose of remaining with her afflicted father.

But happy years came to "honest Mary" at last, and the very bag which had proved her

honesty as a child, brought about the reward of it in her matured years.

One day in early summer she left her cabin to carry some hanks of woollen thread to a farmer's wife, who lived near Lough Kittane, and who employed her occasionally in spinning and knitting, for Mary was so poor as to receive with gratitude the small sum of money she had earned by her industry; returning home she was met by a party of gentlemen on a fishing excursion to the mountain lakes.

One amongst them asked if she could give him some thread to mend part of his fishing-tackle, and Mary's replying that she would get it for him at her cabin, he and his companions followed her thither for it.

On a shelf, holding a few plates and bowls, Mary kept a small box, which contained, besides her needles, thread, and tapes, &c., the very bag given to her years before by the English lady, carefully enclosed in paper, and looked on by "honest Mary" as something too precious to be often seen.

She stretched up her hand to take down the box, to give the stranger some thread, and perhaps being ruled by that irresistible fate which attends on all, the box slipped from her hands, and the contents were scattered over

the floor. The precious bag lay glittering among the threads and tapes.

One of the strangers picked it up, to restore it to Mary, and looking intently at it exclaimed "A. F." "Can this be the bag my sister Annie so often told us of?"

It was the identical bag, and the good-natured brother's letter that evening to Mrs. Fairfax, renewed in her kind heart the warmest sympathy for her old acquaintance, honest Mary.

The sequel need scarcely be told—Mary was soon married to Charles Kavanagh, in the lowly cabin she had for so many years consecrated by her filial piety.

Some thriving hollies alone mark the spot near which that cabin stood, for Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax enabled Mary to remove her old father to her new home, near the Cove of Cork, and the invigorating sea-air, and good food, soon restored much of his health.

And Mary was happy, as happy as she deserved to be, and that is saying a great deal.

On a fine day, some years since, you may have seen an old man seated in a comfortable straw-chair, outside a pretty cottage near Cove, and flowers blooming around him. He was rarely alone, for there were young children

playing in the garden, or what he loved even better still, seated near him a handsome woman in the prime of life, working industriously as of old, whose cheery happy voice lights up his face with smiles, for she is the “wild-strawberry girl,” his own darling Mauragh Mocanta.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. O'CONNELL'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO KILLARNEY.—CHURCH OF KILLEEGY.—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF MR. O'CONNELL IN KILLARNEY.—LAKES OF CARRA.—AL FRESCO DINNER.—LORD HEADLEY'S IMPROVEMENTS.—THE PARSON AND THE PRIEST.—THE ROAD TO CAHIRCIVEEN.—BIRTHPLACE OF MR. O'CONNELL.—ANCIENT BATTLE-AXES FOUND.—BALLYCARBERY CASTLE.—DOWLAS HEAD CAVE.—VALENCIA ISLAND.—VALENCIA HARBOUR.—THE SKELLIG ISLANDS.—VILLAGE OF WATERVILLE.—LAKE OF CURRANE.—WILD SCENERY NEAR WATERVILLE.—HARE-HUNT.

YESTERDAY, Killarney was from early morning literally a deserted village, for the whole populace had gone forth to meet Mr. O'Connell, for whom a triumphal entry had been prepared, and flags were waving from really pretty arches of evergreens and flowers all along the streets; we were assured he could not be in Killarney before four o'clock.

So *en attendant* we set out for a walk in search of the picturesque. Taking the Muckcross road we ascend a hill near the town euphoniously called Violet Hill, from which we had a very sweet

view ; farther on we turned into the demesne of Cahirnane, very finely wooded, and with fine quarries of good grey marble. Loitering on the road, we came to the ruined church of Killeegy, commanding an exquisite view of mountain and lake and lowland. Near the ruin are the commenced walls of another church, rising about a foot above the foundations, and this was designed some years since by the proprietor as a chapel of ease for the Protestants of the neighbourhood ; however his zeal did not take him too far, though some laudatory verses on his pious undertaking were written by a religious lady living near. Certainly a more beautiful spot could scarcely be found on which to raise a place of worship.

It was quite dusk when Mr. O'Connell entered Killarney, and the long procession with torches, banners fluttering, and wands with streaming ribbons waving among wands topped with flowers and evergreens, had a singularly pretty effect, and then the wild enthusiasm of the people, welcoming back their aged countryman !

Mr. O'Connell himself was in high spirits, and during the hour we sat with him talked with almost boyish ardour of his expected enjoyment of the delights of Darrynane. We readily accepted his invitation to join him there.

As we drove through Killarney, by the bright

light of numberless tar-barrels, now gleaming on many broken windows and neglected houses, now on the rags of the multitude, I felt I could not think highly of the paternal landlordism of the noble proprietor of the town, set as it is in the loveliest of nature's scenery, disgraced by man's neglect.

Bidding adieu for a time to Killarney, we came by the village of Killorglin, and through a bleak country to Wales's little rural hotel, in Glanbegh, near the Lakes of Carra, and here some of our party determined to abide three days, enjoying the perfection of salmon and trout fishing. Scrambling up the rugged mountains, we had grand sea-views, and vistas of dark lakes; one among them, Coomasoharene, struck me as very fine. The lower shore of Carra Lake is uninteresting, but our boat soon brought us to really beautiful scenery, the Upper Lake being bounded by the magnificent rocks. We had an *al fresco* dinner near a farmer's house, of some of the excellent trout from the lake, and an ample supply of potatoes, butter, and milk.

Near this we were shown the remains of some iron-works.

Our inn is in the midst of the late Lord Headley's improvements, and he frequently visited them, and by a kindly judicious interest in his

tenants' prosperity improved their condition very much. He built some lodges on the sea-shore, which are frequented during the bathing season.

In this remote spot there is a parson and a priest, the former reads his service in a room set apart for it, to five or six persons, and the latter has immense congregations at two mountain chapels, seven miles of mountain road dividing them, and he gives alternately an early morning and a forenoon service in each, no weather preventing his attendance.

The road on to Cahirciveen is very good, part of the way overhanging the sea along Drung Hill, with fine mountains opposite. Over Drung are three roads; the first and oldest at the very summit, for our ancestors loved short cuts; the second, midway the mountain; and the third and present one, in its grand elevation, too, marking the march of improvement; and by the sea-shore below, the Waterford and Valencia Railway is to run. Nothing seems now-a-days impossible to enterprising man.

A little distance from the town of Cahirciveen, we stopped to visit the old house of Carhen, now in ruins, in which Daniel O'Connell was born, August 6th 1775.

Here some years ago were dug up some very

ancient battle-axes, said to be of Carthaginian brass : they are preserved at Darrynane.

Cahirciveen is a lively-looking town ; the arm of the sea running up to it is quite enclosed by mountains, and has all the appearance of a lake ; it is mostly built on college land held on lease by Mr. O'Connell.

The morning after our arrival we took a boat, and coming down the river we landed first near the ruins of Ballycarbery Castle, an ancient stronghold of the O'Connell family, which was at one time possessed by two brothers who not being on speaking terms, the brother who held possession of the lower parts of the castle refused to allow anything to pass up to his brother above, who fortunately was supplied with every necessary but water. I suppose the Kerry skies were not so pluvius in those days as they are now, for the tale tells, that, during the progress of this internecine war, the higher powers had to use wine in all their cookery.

Near this castle, are the remains of a curious old stone-fort, called Cahir-gall.

At Dowlas Head we came to a magnificent cave ; the entrance is low, but the interior lofty, and glittering in crystals ; the echo, which we tried in all variety of cadences, very fine.

From this we crossed to Valencia Island,

which is about five miles long, with an average breadth of two miles. Oliver Cromwell had forts built on this island, the remains of which are still visible. The slate-quarries here are most extensively worked, and are much used for even billiard-tables, some of the flags raised being large and of fine quality.

The harbour of Valencia, which may be entered on either side, is safe, and has deep water. Whether the various discussions about its capabilities as an American packet-station will end to its advantage it is hard to say; certainly it has the merit of being the nearest port to America, and clear of all channel fogs, and therefore some hours might be saved: a serious consideration in these go-a-head days.

The Skellig Islands next attracted our attention, but their distance from shore of eight miles was too far in the now rough sea to tempt even our adventurous spirits.

The Skelligs are three in number; the largest is a lofty mass of rock, rising 1500 feet above water-mark, erroneously stated to be composed of red marble; it is a clay slate formation with veinings of brown quartz.

There are, I was told, signs of early cultivation on it, and several families now live there and have about three acres of land under cul-

tivation. In 1826, a light-house was established here.

In ancient days, these islands were selected as places of religious seclusion, and the remains of seven cells built in stone-arches without mortar, are still shown. There are two wells of excellent spring-water, which with the cells were dedicated to St. Michael.

The Skellig monastery was a cell or adjunct to that of St. Michael's at Ballinskelligs. The old verse

“The stout Amhergen was in battle slain,
He lost his life upon the western main,
Skellig's high cliffs the hero's bones contain,”

show that these islands were known in very ancient times. On the end of a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the sea, is a stone-cross, firmly placed there, and the wonder to those who have seen it is, how it could have been fixed there; but there are marvels in bye-gone days, as well as in our own more enlightened times.

From Cahirciveen to the village of Waterville, there is an excellent road, the distance about twelve miles. Ballinskelligs bay flows in on the right side, on a smooth sandy beach, where races are annually held. A very fine chain of mountains appear beyond Waterville, and as

we cross the river Inney, we are shown where stood a curious stone-bridge for foot-passengers, twenty feet across, and a yard thick, and called the Irish Rialto, by Smith the historian of Kerry.

The village, our resting place for two days, has two very country inns, but a traveller intending to be fastidious had better not leave the comforts of home.

The lake here of Currane, or Tarmias, is beautifully situated, a short distance above the sea, into which flows from it a river, remarkable, as is the lake, for excellent salmon, and a peculiarly fine trout.

After some fishing on the lake, and a visit to its island, which contains the ruins of a church and burial-ground, and flourishing arbutus, we landed, and mounting our ponies, we had a delightful ride among the Glenear mountains, coming on two lakes, Enniannah and Derrianah. What hidden beauties lie often near us, and we no wiser!

Many tourists in the fishing season visit Waterville, but few explore the wild scenery around it.

This day on our return to our inn, we came upon Mr. Butler's fine pack of beagles in full cry after a hare, and despite sundry inklings

of humanity, that our tried ponies had had quite enough work for one day, we scrambled with them over the "stone gap," that is, a gap filled up with stones, and away we went after the hunt over "brake, bush and scaur," and by some unsportsman-like short cuts came in at "the death."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.—THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE beautiful harvest-moon was shining as brightly and beautifully as the moon can shine on a calm, clear night in autumn, shedding its silvery softness over the valley of Rossaran, and a lovelier scene it never shone on; at least so thought Edmond O'Reilly, who was returning that evening to a very happy home after several years' absence, spent amid the dangers of war with his regiment on foreign service.

He was an outside passenger on the mail-coach, and he had been for some time eagerly watching for the view of that valley, and when the road, winding round a hill, disclosed it to his gaze, he turned to his fellow-traveller for the last three days, and, pointing to the scene before them, enthusiastically exclaimed,

“This is my own, my native land.”

“And truly you may well be proud of it,

O'Reilly," replied the gentleman addressed, "for a fairer scene I never beheld; and though I am advanced in years, how freshly I can still remember a return to my home in my happy boyhood."

"You must make my home now your resting place, my dear Lushington," said Edmond, in a kind, friendly tone; "you will like my family, I am sure, and you must try," added he, gaily, "to civilize us a little; for in this remote, this happy valley, we are genuine 'natives,' far behind your world of southern England in civilization; there is no knowing what wonders an enlightened, well-disposed Englishman might be able to effect."

"To-morrow I will make the acquaintance of your happy family circle, with the greatest pleasure," answered Mr. Lushington.

"And when you see the view from our drawing-room window," said Edmond, "you will own that you have never seen it excelled."

"Consider how much the view within adds to the beauty of the view outside," exclaimed Mr. Lushington.

"Ah! that I do," said Edmond; "and I feel that if that house," pointing to a plain farmhouse by the road side, "had been my home, I would love it, and probably admire it too;"

and there was a full sense of "sweet home," in the acknowledgment.

The coach rolled on over a smooth road, and Edmond; looking from side to side, remarked with pleasure, how many improvements a few years had made around the town of Rossaran; here were thriving plantations, where there had been swamps—here fields of ripe corn, where he had often found a fox in a thick furze brake—and here snug, slated houses, with well-fenced gardens, luxuries undreamed of in his boyhood; he had been absent ten years, but the main points of beauty in that sweet valley were unchanged and unchangeable.

The town of Rossaran was a straggling, picturesque-looking town, extending along the banks of a mountain-lake, and by the sides of a rapid river which issued from it, and formed several cascades before it fell into a bay of the Atlantic Ocean, which flowed on a pebbly beach just below the town.

At the north of the valley were ranges of hills varying in height, and cultivated to the top, while to the east and south was a chain of mountains beautifully and variously shaped.

Overhanging the lake was a steep mountain, clothed to its very summit with luxuriant woods, and next to this, as if to please from the very

contrast, was a rugged, barren mountain, with bare, dark crags showing amid the coarse grass and heather; between these mountains was a deep ravine, through which tumbled, from rock to rock, a brawling river into the lake below, and by its side grew, and throve surprisingly, from out the very rocks, the arbutus, the mountain-ash, and the dark-leaved holly.

Edmond sprang from the coach as it drew up at the principal hotel in Rossaran, and cordially shaking his friend's hand, he hurried off to his happy home, where many a joyous welcome awaited the wanderer's return.

His parents had gone through life prosperously and happily—happy in each other's tender love, blessed with an amiable family, and fortunate in worldly circumstances. They were now advanced in years, but time had visited them kindly, and left few traces of his passage on their handsome, placid countenances.

Edmond's absence abroad alone weighed on their spirits, but from year to year they had looked sanguinely for his return, and the dangers he had passed they knew not of until assured of his safety. He had ever been the especial darling of his parents—as a child the most endearing, as a growing boy the noblest—with all the fine qualities of a well-guided youth, and now

he comes back unspoiled by the world, with every blessed feeling of home fresh upon him, and, oh! how the mother longed to clasp him once more in her arms.

A pleasant group to look upon they were this evening in their cheerful sitting-room at Rossaran Lodge; a peat-fire burned brightly in the large, old-fashioned fire-place, and by it the mother sat knitting, but her work was often laid aside, and a walk taken to the hall door; for though Edmond had not named the day of his return, a mother's heart expected him, and soon he is with her, and oh! the deep joy of that meeting.

What a change ten years make in a family; the eldest son, Charles, whom Edmond had left a lad of eighteen, was married, and living near Rossaran; and his sisters had grown from childhood into womanhood, and Master Richard, "the baby," was a stout manly boy.

"Why these girls cannot be little Annie and Emily!" exclaimed Edmond, gazing fondly on his sisters, his warm heart brimful of happiness.

"And two better girls never blessed an old man's heart," said their father.

Though not "regular beauties" they were two most fascinating girls. Annie was tall and beautifully formed, had large soft dark eyes, and a quantity of raven hair, always drawn back in

the simplest manner, teeth like pearls, and the sweetest smile in the world, and better than all, she was a true warm-hearted girl, totally forgetful of self.

Emily could not be considered plain with her intelligent beaming face, and such speaking grey eyes ; and who ever loved her family or her friends so devotedly as she did ? She wrote poetry, and exquisite little tales true to life ; and, though she stoutly denied it, she was romantic. They were girls formed to be happy, and hitherto they had been completely so.

How much was said that night by the re-united family, can well be imagined, and how delightfully all met at the cheerful breakfast-table next morning need not be described.

Edmond had been to Rossaran before it, and returned with Mr. Lushington, who was cordially welcomed by the family, and soon found all his English prejudices against Ireland and the Irish dispelled.

A lovely autumnal day induced a long ramble after breakfast, Edmond had so many improvements to see ; there was the new rustic bridge, and the moss-house ; there was Annie's favourite walk, and Emily's garden.

Rossaran Lodge was situated on a rising ground which sloped down to the edge of the lake, and

was about half a mile from the town. It was surrounded by a beautiful though not extensive demesne ; at one side was the wooded mountain, now rich in the varied tints of autumn ; away across the lake were the other mountains so magnificent in their lights and shadows below, the pretty town with its old abbey and cathedral, and beyond the deep blue sea.

That was a merry walk. Mr. Lushington had got Emily into an animated discussion on Irish history, one of her favourite studies, and Annie was giving Edmond some interesting details of their old acquaintances.

“So you tell me, Annie,” said he, “that pretty Mary Sherwood still remembers me, and used to ask about me.”

“She recollects you well,” replied Annie, “and I have often in joke called her sister ; she is such a dear girl.”

“But, dear Annie, there are two ways of making her a sister, eh !” exclaimed Edward gaily. “Mary was a mere child when I left home, and exquisitely pretty ; she had a brother, I remember, a tall handsome lad, with red hair.”

“Not red hair,” interrupted Annie, “fair hair.”

“Oh, ha, ha !” laughed Edmond ; “fair hair ! His name was Wilfrid Sherwood, and he used to

gather all kinds of shells for you, and ride the old Shetland pony on the lawn here with you."

"No, indeed, not with me, it was with Emily," said Annie, and turning an angle in the avenue, they met the identical Mary and Wilfrid Sherwood, and that old acquaintance was cordially renewed by Edmond.

The Sherwoods were the great people of Rossaran. Mr. Sherwood, the father, was the sole agent to the rich Earl of Rossaran, and he was a rare anomaly in poor Ireland, a kind, good-hearted agent, and he and his family were beloved and respected.

An old friendship subsisted between the Sherwoods and O'Reillys, and friends said it was likely to be strengthened by a marriage. The Sherwoods spent that day, and many more at Rossaran Lodge, and if Mary thought that the playfellow of her childhood had grown into the handsomest and most delightful man she had ever met, she was not singular in the belief.

A month had quickly passed away in the happiest home-enjoyments; there were riding and boating parties in the mornings, and every night cheerful reunions when the merry dance and song made the hours go swiftly by.

Edmond was the gayest of the gay, his return had brought new life to that quiet neighbourhood,

and very long this gay time was remembered there.

With all his gaiety Edmond often found time for acts of charity ; one little act of his was told me ; when a boy he had had a careful attendant, who had watched and often shielded him from danger ; bad health prevented the poor man from any longer supporting himself by work, and he had removed from Rossaran, to drag out a miserable existence with some of his wife's relations.

Edmond found leisure in the midst of his happiness to pay his poor old servant many a comforting visit ; he had a small house built for him, at his own expense, near Rossaran Lodge, and when the kind benefactor was gone to his last resting-place, the old man lived there in renewed health and memory of him !

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.—THE HAPPY FAMILY, CONTINUED.

AFTER a fortnight's visit, Mr. Lushington had left his hospitable friends, but returned to them to say "good bye" as he said, and the day after his return they had a boating party on the lake.

At this very party Edmond proposed that they should get up a regatta in the bay, and his proposal was gladly seconded by all his acquaintances. They fixed to have rowing matches and sailing matches, a grand *déjeûner* on board Charles O'Reilly's yacht, and a ball in the evening at Rossaran Lodge, to which "every one was to be asked," so Emily decided, and she looked to it eagerly as her *début* in the gay world, and felt the pleasures of hope in all their fulness during the fortnight that intervened before the wished-for day came.

And come it did at last, and as bright and beautiful a day as if it brought unalloyed joy to

that happy home ; it shone forth a morning of complete bliss to end a day of agonising sorrow. Annie, Emily, and Mary Sherwood took an early ramble in the garden, and came into the breakfast-room as blooming as the flowers they held in their hands.

Edmond made a whispered request to Mary as she took her place at table, and with a blush she took from her bouquet a sprig of myrtle, a rose bud, and a carnation, and gave them to him.

“Remember the ball to-night, Mary,” said Emily, archly ; “you were so anxious to have a bouquet for it.”

“I’ll keep these precious flowers for your dear sake to the day of my death,” said Edmond in a low tone, and he placed them in his button-hole, and pinned them in carefully.

Breakfast proceeded with great gaiety.

“I am afraid you are not well, dear mother,” said Edmond, perceiving her untasted meal.

“I am quite well, my darling,” replied she, fondly taking his hand ; “I feel no appetite, for whenever I dozed last night I had such fearful dreams that I passed a very restless night.”

“Well the fresh breezes, will do you a world of good, by and by, mother,” said Edmond ; “and remember that you must come to my regatta. I shall consider it a mark of disrespect to me if you

do not ; and confess that you would feel lonesome all the long day without seeing me."

The fond mother smiled, but an unbidden tear trembled in her eye—what business had it there amid so much happiness !

Among the friends around the hospitable table was an old navy captain, who remarked that the bay was very squally.

"Anything like a stiff breeze ensures our boat's winning easily," said Charles O'Reilly ; "but, Edmond, you will think nothing of our little breakers after all the storms you have been in. I think," added he, "we had best lose no time in going down to the bay, the ladies will join us on board my yacht at one o'clock," and the gentlemen hurried off.

Mary Sherwood was alone in the drawing-room an hour afterwards when Edmond suddenly entered it.

"You look surprised to see me, Mary," said he, seating himself near her ; "but the truth is I felt an irresistible impulse to return here, for, dearest Mary," added he, softly, "I have a little secret I long to tell you,—perhaps you have guessed it already—at least I have hoped so. It is that I love you, devotedly, and unalterably," and he took her hand. "You are not displeased, Mary, at this avowal ?" continued he, for he saw

her colour rise and tears tremble under her dark eye-lashes.

“Oh, no, no, Edmond,” answered she, “you have made me very happy.”

“To do so, sweetest Mary, during our lives will be my first thought,” said Edmond.

Some one opened the door. It was his mother, she gave him a pleased happy smile.

“I only came for my keys. I thought you were at the bay, my darling,” said Mrs. O’Reilly.

“Yes, I was mother, but,” he looked round, Mary was gone.

“I understand, dear one,” replied she, “and in every action of your life I pray God bless my beloved boy. I wanted my keys to give old Nelly Joyce some wine for her sick grandchild : you met her on the road, and relieved her distress, and God reward you, my Edmond,” and the mother folded her son in a long and last embrace.

At two o’clock that afternoon the bay of Rossaran presented a very gay scene, — there were yachts with their colours flying, and smaller sail-boats of all descriptions, and innumerable row-boats.

Charles O’Reilly’s yacht, the “Shamrock,” was anchored about half a mile from the shore, and on board it at this hour were Annie and Mary Sherwood, and several friends of theirs, while Emily,

who fearlessly loved the waves, was enjoying the animated scene from a small whale-boat, in which were her brother Charles and Wilfrid Sherwood.

One boat-race had just ended, a rowing match of four-oared gigs between the fishermen of Rossaran and those of two neighbouring sea-ports, and cheer upon cheer came lustily across the deep, for the Rossaran boat had won in gallant style.

And now the great race of the day was to come off. Alas, the fatal one ! Six wherries were preparing to start, and among them the O'Reillys' boat, bought and rigged out by Edmond since his return home, and called the "Mary," has a small beautiful flag, the work of his sisters, which floated at the helm, told those that could read, the name.

The first signal gun was fired for the boats to prepare : they were to sail twice round the "Shamrock," and keep within the bay.

Mrs. O'Reilly heard that shot, as she was driving to the shore, and felt it thrill through her whole frame.

"Oh, make haste, make haste !" exclaimed Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, who was in the carriage with her, to the coachman ; "there is the first signal ; we shall be late for the race," and he

willingly urged on his horses, and they were in time.

Cleaving its way right gallantly through the waves, the "Mary" sailed close to the "Shamrock" for the starting point. Edmond stood with the helm in his hand; he wore a sailor's dress, which showed to advantage his fine figure, and he wore a pretty Greek cap, which he waved to Annie and Mary, and pointed to the flowers in his jacket with a happy smile. As he passed the boat in which Emily and Charles were, he called to the latter to lend him a coat, saying he felt it bitterly cold.

Charles drew up his boat, and held on by the "Mary," while Edmond wrapped himself in a heavy pea-jacket.

"Where are my mother and Julia?" inquired Edmond. "They promised to be here in time to see my triumph, and judge between the other boats and the 'Mary,' to see how lightly she skims the wave."

"The large whale-boat is waiting to bring them off to the yacht," replied Charles.

"For the sake of her name, Edmond," said Emily, "do not let the 'Mary' be beaten!"

He sailed off laughing, and kissing his hand to his sister.

"That boat carries too much sail," remarked

one old fisherman to another, as the "Mary" went by; "she 'd want a wide berth in the turning."

The second gun is fired; the six wherries are off in beautiful style. The "Mary" leads; Edmond's heart is in the race. There is an angry squall coming down the mountains. Now a wherry gains on him—it is close to him—every reef in the sail is unfurled—the "Mary" shoots ahead.

Edmond looks round. There is his mother coming off to the yacht. A loud cheer as the "Mary" nears it; another, she has passed it, and, heedless of that fatal squall, Edmond urges the boat quickly round. The breeze freshens; a rush of wind was heard, and a staggering blast struck the "Mary." She reels nearly to an even keel—rights for an instant, and reels again, turning keel up, and all her crew are in the water.

A horrid shriek replaces the cheer of triumph from the "Shamrock." Boats crowd round; four of the crew are picked up, little the worse for their wetting; but two are missing—Edmond, and a young sailor-boy.

Down comes Charles's boat, and, within three oars' length of it rises, above the waves, the beloved Edmond; he raises his head. Emily saw him distinctly shake the water from his beautiful luxuriant curls—he struggles—he raises one arm

—and, oh God! — he sinks into the relentless wave to rise no more!

A shriek, surpassing any ever heard, rent the air, and the mother heard it as she came near the yacht. She starts—what is that floating by on the water? It is the Greek cap of her idolised son!

A month of unutterable woe passes. Morning, noon, and night, there are boats on the bay, unavailingly seeking the body of the lost one; and the failure brings, every evening, fresh bitterness to the bereavement of the afflicted family.

Six weeks after the fatal day, a little girl, shrimp-gathering two miles beyond the shores of Rossaran, saw a body lying in the clear green water of a pool left by the tide. It is carefully removed, and identified only by the clothes; for, alas! the handsome features are all decomposed, but, in the button-hole, the stems of the flowers were found that poor Mary had given him.

More heart-rending even than the deepest grief was the mother's frantic joy, when told that the body of her son had been found, and she watched unceasingly by the coffin until it was borne to its resting-place.

Many years have rolled by, and still Edmond O'Reilly is well remembered in Rossaran.

Six months after the tragedy recorded here, Rossaran Lodge was deserted. The bereaved family had all removed to the neighbourhood of an inland town; the old couple never regained even a portion of their cheerfulness. A few years of grief did its work, and laid them within the same year side by side next their darling Edmond in the old grave-yard of Rossaran.

Twelve years after this mournful event, Mr. Lushington revisits Rossaran, and Annie and her husband, Wilfrid, welcome him hospitably. But he misses the joyous greetings of the gay old times, and his light-hearted favourite, Emily, whose grave is in a foreign land.

Time, with a chastening spirit, has worn away the intensity of poor Mary's sorrow, and she pursues her quiet way through a world that has taught her so bitter a lesson of the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, with uncomplaining sweetness, and the sick, the poor, and the friendless, find in Mary a "ministering angel."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TO DARRYNANE. — SUPERB SEA-VIEW. — PERFECT DRUID'S ALTAR.—SITUATION OF DARRYNANE.—SECLUSION OF DARRYNANE.—MEET MR. O'CONNELL.—LARGE MIXED DINNER PARTY.—DESCRIPTION OF HOUSE OF DARRYNANE.—AWAKENED TO GO HUNTING.—TWO HARES STARTED.—BREAKFAST WITH THE "LIBERATOR."—ANECDOTE OF SPANISH HIDDEN TREASURE.—ARRIVAL OF POST-BAGS.—HUNTING RESUMED.—A FOX-HUNT.—OLD ABBEY OF DARRYNANE.—EPITAPH ON THE UNCLE OF MR. O'CONNELL.—LETTER FROM MR. O'CONNELL, DESCRIBING HIS MOUNTAIN-HOME.

ONE final exercise of our patience as anglers, and we pack up our fishing-tackle and bid adieu to Waterville, with pleasant anticipations of an agreeable visit to Darrynane. Our road to it is a very beautiful one, winding gradually round and up mountains, and disclosing varied glimpses of sea and mountains.

Near the summit of the mountain called Coomakishta, we left our vehicle, and walked up the old road which crosses the very top of the mountain, bringing us to the most magnificent sea-view I could even imagine.

Below us lay Darrynane harbour and bay, with several islands edged with the breakers' foam, and beyond it the boundless Atlantic—of a deep grey as seen from this height—with gleams of sunshine along its bosom. Farther eastward is the entrance to the Kenmare river, backed by the Castletown mountains, with the Dursey, and Bull, Cow, and Calf Islands, extending into the ocean. Turn back and we had below us Ballinskelligs Bay, Valencia Harbour; beyond, Dingle Bay, and the Blasquet Islands, making altogether a superb prospect.

Near the summit of this mountain is a very perfect Druid's altar. The Druid that laid the foundation-stone of it in such a spot, must have had an exquisite sense of the beautiful in Nature.

In Beauford's "Druidism Revived, Collect. Hibern." No. 7, we read:—"It is remarkable that all the ancient altars found in Ireland, and now distinguished by the name of cromleachs, or sloping-stones, were originally called *Bothal*, or the house of God, and they seem to be of the same species as those mentioned in the book of Genesis, called by the Hebrews *Bethel*, which has the same signification as the Irish *Bothal*."

The situation of Darrynane is beautiful in the

extreme ; the house lies at the base of an amphitheatre of mountains, sheltered by thick thriving plantations, and within a few hundred yards of the ocean, which on stormy days sends up sheets of foam high over the rocks and sand-hills, dividing a beautiful pebbly beach from the pleasure-grounds.

To me Darrynane, in its seclusion, seemed a sweet haven of rest to the troubled spirit of the man who toiled and fretted through so many years of agitated public life ; from it the world was shut out by mountains and waters. Here, forgetting for a brief space the noisy life the Agitator had quitted, he might repose—the beloved head of a most happy home circle, dispensing a boundless hospitality.

All who, like me, have sojourned at Darrynane, must allow that no one left it without a grateful feeling for the cordial welcome that had there greeted them.

On our arrival, Mr. O'Connell and some members of his family, were walking in the gardens, and we immediately joined them, and loitered there most pleasantly together until the shades of evening warned us to separate.

A great variety of annuals and flowering shrubs were in full bloom, and, though late in the season,

some summer roses had put forth a second crop of blossoms.

A very large party met at dinner, a mixture of nations, several foreigners, some English, and the large majority Irish. Darrynane was open to all, and its present sociability was never destroyed by politics. Mr. O'Connell had laughs and jokes against members of his family, but the guests were well secure from even a shade of unpleasantness in any allusion to religion or politics.

The house of Darrynane is large, an odd, irregular pile of building, rooms added on to the old house, without any regard to architectural design; yet look at it from the western rocks beyond the beach, and the whole had a most pleasing effect; here the castellated projection forming Mr. O'Connell's study and the libraries, here a pointed gable-end, and behind the high roofs of the older house.

The rooms were comfortably furnished, and it required a full development of the organ of locality to find one's way, on a short acquaintance, through the various ante-rooms and passages leading to the bed-room.

The drawing-room was very large, and served as a ball-room every night, for there was a numerous party of dancing people now in the house. How gay were those pleasant *soirées dansantes*!

No matter what had been the fatigues of the morning, dancing was supposed the best remedy for them.

My first night at Darrynane I was trying in my dreams to get through the complicated figure of an old country dance we had been dancing, and I had just satisfactorily accomplished it when I was awakened by a voice saying, "It is a beautiful morning, will you get up to go hunting?"

I am afraid there was more than one repetition of the sluggard's complaint from our party, "You've awaked me too early;" whether any followed his bad example, and "turned their great lazy shoulders" for another sleep, I cannot say; I only know I did not, and certainly that glorious October morning was worth some exertion to see, and I pitied the lazy ones as we all went merrily together up the "Meadow Walk," a pretty pathway by a winding mountain-river.

Just as we gained the road a hare started from her "form," and away she scampered, the hounds in full cry after her.

I was told it was an especially fine hunting morning, the trail lay so well on the ground, and certainly the pack hunted keenly, with a magnificent chorus of voices, which must be heard

among mountain-cliffs to be fully admired. Poor puss could not long escape ; notwithstanding all her feminine turns and twists to evade her pursuers, she was killed.

Another hare was soon started, and her death-scene brought us over Coomakishta, and seated in a sheltered nook, with Ballinskelligs bay below us, and wild mountains above and around, we prepared for the business of breakfast with sporting appetites.

The scene was a novel and interesting one ; seated on a stone with various members of his family, and his guests grouped around him, was the "Liberator," a sense of freedom in his looks ; —that wild country how unlike his prison !—and ruddy health bloomed on his cheek that fresh morning ; farther off were the hounds reposing from their labours, with their attendant huntsmen, and their body-guard of young sturdy mountaineers.

Near us were piles of bread and meat and butter, smoking hot potatoes, jars of warm tea and coffee, and bottles of milk, and cold punch.

As we sat thus, it was a fit scene for a painter ; yet no painter could do justice to the joyousness of the picture—the glimpses of mirth, one laugh the echo of the other.

Among the many anecdotes of that pleasant

forenoon, Mr. O'Connell told me one about a huge rock, with an excavated hole by its side, which I had remarked, and near which we sat.

In the time of his grandfather, who lived at Darrynane, a Spanish ship, with a quantity of specie on board, was driven by adverse winds on the coast, and chased by an English vessel.

To save at least her money, she sailed into Ballinskelligs bay, and round the point, and in the little bay of Lohar she effected a landing, and following up the stream below to its source, the men buried the treasure under that rock, regained their ship, and, favoured by the wind, escaped from the bay and from pursuit.

Years went by when a Spaniard sought and obtained shelter at Darrynane, and was observed during many days to wander about the mountains.

The owner of the treasure had accurately described the bay, the little river, and its source, and the huge rock, the monument above his hidden gold, by which the stranger recognised the land-marks, found his money, and departed.

The fame of this was noised about, and the first curious seekers found under the rock some few gold pieces that had escaped the Spaniard's search, then others came, and scooped out the holes as they remain to this day.

The arrival of the post-bag takes us back to the seemingly far-off world ; here we have the London papers, with an article in one of them filled with the bitterest abuse of this peaceful hunter. He read it aloud to us with many laughable additions.

Nothing having fallen to my lot in the distribution of the letters and papers, Mr. O'Connell presented me with a picture of Lord Byron sent to him by a lady who professed to be a devoted admirer of these two "great geniuses," some music dedicated to him, a closely-written MS. pamphlet on political economy, and some highly laudatory Latin verses. I was quite satisfied with my share.

But now all must be laid aside, for it is time to resume our hunting, and nothing loth, we all start up, and to reward our alacrity, the dogs soon find a fox, in the dark cliffs over our heads, and away he goes right over the mountain, and up and down the other side. We gladly pause to take breath on the mountain side above the Abbey Island, and below us on the smooth sandy beach is the fox, with the hounds in eager chase after him : into the Abbey Island he goes, and skirting the old ruins, he turns off through the heather and rocks of the island.

We were seated in a group together, as the

pack neared the abbey; Mr. O'Connell, in a very agitated manner, desired one of his sons to have them instantly "called off," to keep them from the abbey; but before the order could be obeyed, they were away after the fox.

I learned the cause of his agitation to be, that within the abbey lie the remains of the late Mrs. O'Connell, who died at Darrynane in 1836, and to whom Mr. O'Connell was most devotedly attached.

The fox, after several narrow escapes, takes shelter under a rock, and we leave him to enjoy his security, the huntsmen all trying to "unearth" him.

The old Abbey of Darrynane or Darragh-nane, *i.e.*, the "ivied oak;" is situated about an English mile from the dwelling-house overhanging the roaring ocean, and in the island, so called, which is only an island at very high spring-tides.

It was founded in the seventh century for canons regular of the order of St. Augustin, by the monks of St. Finbar's monastery in Cork.

I copied the following epitaph from the tomb of Mr. O'Connell's uncle, the late proprietor of Darrynane, from the unusual circumstance of his having had it written by his nephew before his death, to prevent any unmerited compliments being paid him by a posthumous eulogium.

“ The chief ambition of his long and prosperous life was to elevate an ancient family from unmerited and unjust oppression. His allegiance was pure and disinterested, his love of his native land sincere and avowed, and his attachment to the Ancient Faith of his fathers, to the Church of Christ, was his first pride and chief consolation. He died 10th February, 1825, aged ninety-seven years. K. I. P.”

“ They loved him best who knew him most.”

I will conclude this chapter with an extract from a letter of Mr. O'Connell's to Walter Savage Landor, in 1838, it is so characteristic of the man, and so true a description of his mountain-home.

“ Little do you imagine how many besides myself have been delighted with the poetic imaginings which inspired these lines on one of the wonders of my infancy — the varying sounds emitted by marine shells:—

‘ Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear ;
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there !’

“ Would that I had you here to show you
‘ their august abode ’ in its most awful beauty.

I could show you at noontide, when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely, the mountain-waves coming in from the illimitable ocean in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain-cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains, and high steepled villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain-torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon imaginary intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long-faded glories of the land which preserved literature and Christianity when the rest of now civilised Europe was shaded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes! my expanding spirit delighted in these day-dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my

native land better after my death, than I found her at my birth, and if possible to make her what she ought to be :—

‘ Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.’

“ Perhaps if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all which during the day was grand and terrific has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night, perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has so often been called a ferocious demagogue is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties.

‘ Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,’

“ And catching from the loveliness, as well as the dreariness of the ocean and Alpine scenes with which he is surrounded, a greater ardour to promote the good of man in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God.”

CHAPTER XIX.

MERRY PARTIES AT DARRYNANE.—MR. O'CONNELL'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.—REFLECTIONS IN DARRYNANE ABBEY.—RUINED CHURCH OF KILCROHANE.—GIGANTIC ASH-TREE.—STAIGNE FORT.—USE OF THESE FORTS.—GENERAL VALLANCEY'S AND MR. NIMMO'S OPINIONS.—VISIT TO SCARIFF ISLAND.—ANCIENT HERMITAGE.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—PROLOGUE TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."—AUTOGRAPH REFUSED TO EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—AUTOGRAPHS GRANTED TO OTHERS.

IT was now beautiful autumnal weather, and our merry party at Darrynane profited by it. There were pleasant morning excursions, and gay evening re-unions, when all seemed to wish to enjoy themselves doubly, as if to honour in welcoming home the liberated chieftain.

How full of enjoyment were those days, and what pleasant memories I shall ever retain of them! Dear, delightful Darrynane! how changed will be your aspect a few years hence, and how many, like me, will wish they could re-animate that happy home, so blessed now in the tender-nesses of its family meeting!

How much Mr. O'Connell enjoyed his freedom!

—yet, in the midst of the gayest moods, and even infectiously gay they sometimes were, a train of saddening thought would at times cloud his cheerful brow, and you could see that there were anxious fears around his heart, and that his downward way had indeed begun.

A few mornings after my arrival at Darrynane, a dark rainy day, we had a small “monster meeting” in the drawing-room, the majority being noisy children, and among the most playful and merriest was our host himself. That he dearly loved children, was shown in the beaming tenderness of his smile as he talked to them. I was now reminded of the deep impression he made on my childish affections many years ago; now he fondled one child, and now another, and the laughter was long and loud.

Near him, on the table, lay a volume of Moore's “Irish Melodies.” The gay smile was gone as he took it up, and, opening it, read, with a pathos I can never forget, those beautiful lines—

“Oh, blame not the bard,”

his voice taking a deep full tone as he read—

“But though glory be gone,
And though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin,
Shall live in his songs,

Not e'en in the hour,
 When his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance
 Of thee and thy wrongs !”

The afternoon clearing up, the party dispersed, and I went to take a sketch of the old abbey, and, as I looked on the ruin, I thought how beautiful was the religious enthusiasm which had filled our ancient monasteries, severing ties of home and kindred, for those who came thither to serve uninterruptedly their Creator. It may be that to our worldly notions, the lives passed therein seem to have gone by uselessly, and that the gentle tendance of the poor, the quiet literary labours of the learned among the brotherhood, in their calm seclusion now come before us, as a life partaking more of the meek follower than of the soldier of the Gospel.

As I stood within the old abbey-walls, I felt how truly Nature gave her silent worship of the Most High, for here she seemed to have replaced the worship of other days in beautifying the ruined work of man.

Here, over a broken arch, hung a shining festoon of ivy ; here, where a saint's image had stood, sprang up a thriving shrub. There were wild flowers in the niches and among the graves, perfuming the air, and the sunshine breaking

through the clouds, and the murmuring sea dashing on the rocks below, amid the dust of those whose heart-felt worship had blessed the spot. Their solemn chaunts and the incense and lights of their ceremonies, were here beautifully renewed.

Eastwards of Darrynane (they always count in these parts by the cardinal points) is the old ruined church of Kilcrohane, on the mountain-side, and commanding an exquisite view. Near it is an extremely curious stone-cell, with a well, dedicated to St. Crohane, over which grows a gigantic ash-tree, said to be the largest in Ireland, and which I readily believe.

This tree is hung with innumerable coloured rags, placed by pilgrims who visit the well; this superstition is the remains of a custom brought anciently from the east, and where, to this day, trees are to be seen decked with rags. A greater rarity, we know, there than in poor old Ireland.

Following a mountain-road from Kilcrohane, we came to Staigne Fort, the most perfect and remarkable of these structures found in Ireland. It stands amid an amphitheatre of mountains, opening on the south to the Kenmare river. Its periphery is divided by ten steps of ascent to the top of the wall, and there are curious enclosed chambers inside these. It is surrounded on the outside by a deep moat.

The use of these stone-forts has been the subject of much conjecture. Good judges agree, however, in saying they were built by the natives as places of refuge from the piratical attacks of the Danes.

General Vallancey supposes Steigne fort to be a Phœnician amphitheatre, and Mr. Nimmo thinks it was originally intended as an observatory. "It appeared to me," says he, in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," vol. xiv. "that the structure exhibited a graduation of the horizon."

Among our antiquarian pilgrimages, was a voyage to Scariff Island, and a visit to its ruined cell. The sea, really like a mirror in its "glassy form," tempted us to a boating party to this island, distant about four sea-miles from the harbour of Darrynane. The gentlemen armed themselves with guns, bent on the slaughter of rabbits and sea-fowl, with which Scariff abounds; and the ladies, on peaceful thoughts intent, brought their sketch-books and botanical portfolios.

The row across was delightful, the whole range of mountains showing in the clear air; and when I had gained the summit of the island, I thought I had never seen a more magnificent view. I never before *felt* I could understand the ocean in its immensity.

We saw the vestiges of an ancient hermitage and burial-ground, and an old woman, living on a dairy-farm here, told me she very seldom went to the mainland, but that 'on Sundays she came up to this old cell, and, turning her face to the east, knelt down and said her prayers. She had travelled, she assured us, and that, "the other day, she had been in Dublin:" the "other day" proved to be "nigh unto twenty years ago." It spoke volumes for the calm of her peaceful life, when years seemed as days. How very few that have not had sorrows and cares chequering their path in the lapse of twenty years !

Descending to the boats, we find we have lingered too long geologising and botanising and shooting and gossiping, for a surging sea has replaced the morning's calm, and we get slowly over the heaving waves—for the wind has risen, and is against the tide, and we have a frightfully rough passage home, and most unbecoming complexions when we land.

Any one who has been staying in a pleasant country-house, with a large family-party, where the occasional strangers soon feel themselves quite at home, knows what an agreeable episode are "private theatricals."

The play, "She Stoops to Conquer," had been

announced for immediate performance, and when the expected day of its appearance came, the house seemed all in confusion, and a placard announced, on the door of the large dining-room, that “there was no entrance except on business with the stage-manager,” it was being fitted up as a theatre. Mr. O’Connell and many of his guests made various ineffectual attempts to see the preparations—glimpses of theatrical paraphernalia, and remonstrances from the manager, were all the curious obtained.

But the theatre opened, and the curtain rose in due time, and the prologue was very well spoken, and the play began.*

The *dramatis personæ* were mostly members

* PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ——— IN THE CHARACTER OF YOUNG MARLOWE.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we act with changes needed
 Old Goldsmith’s play—(pray did you ever read it ?)
 ‘She Stoops to Conquer,’ styled a comedy,
 Changed not in story, but morality.
 The characters I trust you ’ll find like life—
 Jolly Squire Hardcastle, and his old wife !
 His dashing daughter Kate, and step-son wild ;
 Young Tony Lumpkin—preciously spoiled child !
 Myself am bashful Marlowe courting Kate,
 And then there ’s Hastings seeking a like fate
 With Constance Neville ; then the lady’s maid,
 Fair Miss Maria,—admirably played !
 Good Dolly follows next, and Diggory,
 Whom in two characters you ’ll shortly see ;

of Mr. O'Connell's family; his son John, as old Hardcastle, was admirable, and all knew their parts well, and acted very creditably.

Mr. O'Connell seemed to enjoy the performance exceedingly, and as the curtain fell, the applause was "long and loud." And a very merry night we had, ending one of the pleasantest days in my recollections of the "gay old times," at Darrynane.

Mr. O'Connell spent his mornings, when not

But Cerberus comes next, and stoutly done !
 ' Three single gentlemen rolled into one ! '
 One actor represents three characters—
 Sir Charles Marlowe, and two drunken curs.
 Last follows the good landlady Dame Stingo—
 A good name in a public house, by jingo !
 I 'll not anticipate by more description,
 But, doctor-like, I 'll venture a prescription,—
Imprimis, take your seats; then do not *show*
 But *hold* your tongues ! if that 's an art you know.
 An ounce of kindness would not be ill taken,
 And at our jokes your sides may be well shaken.
 What next shall I prescribe ?—some exercise
 Of hands in clapping, that 's what I 'd advise.
 Howe'er we act, your scorn we cannot fear,—
 You 're friends to Irish manufacture here.
 Goldsmith was Ireland's son, and all our band
 Claim as their own the same beloved land !
 That land whose present calm we read aright
 ' She Stoops to Conquer ' in the peaceful fight !
 On your good hearts we firmly now rely
 For kind encouragement—and so—good bye ! "

out hunting, in his study, generally busy on political matters. I went to him one day to procure some autographs for friends, and I heard two little anecdotes which I thought worth recording.

An application was made to Mr. O'Connell for his autograph for Prince Dolgorowski, who wished for it, for the Emperor of Russia, and he decidedly refused giving it, being too sincere a lover of freedom not to detest politically the Russian autocrat.

This found its way into the papers, and a French lady wrote the following note:—

“A' MONSIEUR O'CONNELL,

“Envoi d'une dame Française pour obtenir de lui la faveur d'un de ces autographes, qui ne sont refusés, dit on, qu'aux Empereurs.

“J. DE LA PORTE.

“30 Août, 1841, Bordeaux.”

That the French lady was at once obliged, need not be told.

The King of Bavaria applied through the Baron de Cetto for an autograph, and acknowledged it in an English letter to Mr. O'Meara, for which I am indebted to a friend. The style is so peculiar that I insert it here.

“These lines, written from the hand of that energetical character, inseparable for ever from the history of our age, the autograph of that great man, Mr. D. O’Connell, should not fail to be wanting in a collection of this kind. I request you to say my thanks, especially to Mr. D. O’Connell himself, for his kindness in fulfilling my desire in such an obliging way.

LEWIS.”

“And here,” said Mr. O’Connell, handing me an autograph he had written, “are lines rendered famous by the attorney-general, who quoted them in his opening speech on the state-trials as having been repeated by me at the public dinner in Tuam, after our splendid monster meeting there, the 24th of July last year.

“Oh Erin! shall it e’er be mine,
To wreathe thy wrongs in battle-line,
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That glimpse of bliss is all I crave
Between my labours and my grave.”

CHAPTER XX.

MR. O'CONNELL INVITED TO LIMERICK.—FAREWELL TO DARRYNANE. — MR. O'CONNELL'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON CAHIRCONRIGH. — MR. O'CONNELL'S NUMEROUS VISITORS. — ANNIVERSARY OF HIS IMPRISONMENT.—MONSTER MEETING IN KILLARNEY. — PROCESSION OF TRADES. — MR. O'CONNELL'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION. — PUBLIC DINNER. — VERSES ON MR. O'CONNELL.

“’Tis all but a dream at the best ;
And still when happiest fleetest :”

So sings Moore, and in real life, as in dreams, the happiest days are the most fleet. So it has been, so it will be, and so it was in our especial case ; our delightful social gathering at Darrynane was about to be broken up, Mr. O'Connell having accepted an invitation to a public dinner in Limerick, and our weeks seemed to have gone like days.

The bright morning's sun gleamed on our farewell to Darrynane ; and I shall never forget the surpassing loveliness of the scene as we all paused at an angle of the road to take a “last

fond look ” of the “Liberator’s mountain-home : ” he paused, too, and there was deep regret in his look as he turned from that sweet view. “I shall be back soon again,” was his exclamation ; but he did not return until the following autumn.

A most exhilarating hunt was a pleasant episode in this day’s little journey to Cahirciveen, from whence, after some days’ delay, I accompanied Mr. O’Connell to Tralee.

At the summit of Cahirconrigh, the mountain above that town, we were met by an enormous concourse of people, and their enthusiastic joy to welcome back their aged chief, equalled anything I had ever witnessed. Amid shouts and blessings we entered Tralee, where Mr. O’Connell immediately addressed them in a speech full of humour, and full of heart. He touched lightly on his imprisonment, and feelingly on the home he had just quitted.

I read those pages, and it seems to me that I have scarcely rendered justice to that home, with all that made it so enjoyable. The world-wide fame of its owner brought many a visitor to that secluded spot ; and our society was often delightfully varied by visits from agreeable and distinguished foreigners.

I remember on one occasion our reckoning at

dinner twelve languages spoken — including, of course, English and Irish, and supposing some among the company learned enough to “talk Latin and Greek.”

I recollect one dark, wet night, as we were all seated at that same table, and the party this day numbered thirty-three, a stranger arrived and inquired for Mr. O’Connell, and was ushered in by one of his sons. He was a young Englishman, making a tour round the southern shore, and riding from Waterville towards Kenmare; his pony lost a shoe, and wisely strayed from the high road to the avenue leading to Darrynane. The stranger apologized for the intrusion; there was much native grace and heartiness in Mr. O’Connell’s welcome as he rose to greet him, and placing him next himself, said, “We are, indeed, infinitely obliged to your pony, sir.”

On the 30th of May, 1845, Mr. O’Connell held a *levée* at the Rotunda, Dublin, to celebrate the anniversary of the imprisonment; and it was, I have been assured by an eye-witness, one of the most impressive displays of popular enthusiasm he had ever seen.

The monster meeting in Killarney took place in the same year, and I occupied a seat in the well-filled “Repeal Coach” that left Tralee

that morning for it, and a merry travelling party we were,— Mr. O'Connell the gayest amongst us—as if politics had never troubled our lives.

Mr. Smith O'Brien was one of the number, and seemed full of generous confidence in his leader.

The day was beautiful, and the sun shone approvingly on the thousands that welcomed us as we approached Killarney. The place of meeting was on the race-course about two miles from the town, and no pen of mine can do justice to the surpassing loveliness of the view from that chosen spot. The ground slopes down to the waters of the Lower Lake, its edge marked here by a pebbly beach, and the back-ground of glorious mountains, and the woods and waters were gleaming in the rich sunshine.

The numbers at this meeting were counted by tens of thousands, and a dense multitude they seemed, all brought together by the earnest wish to do honour to their aged chief, and to prove to him their hopes to see “ Ould Ireland righted.”

There was a very pretty procession of the trades with banners and wands adorned with ribbons and green branches ; and there were several temperance societies with their bands ; but the finest sight of all was some hundreds of fine-looking men from Kenmare, each bearing a small banner,

either green or pink. The effect of the whole was most impressive, and it was a more inspiring and a more lovely scene than I shall ever again witness.

A large stand had been erected for the speakers, and as Mr. O'Connell mounted on it, and was recognised by the crowd below, a cheer burst forth so loud, so enthusiastic, again and again repeated, that it seemed to awaken the famed echoes of Loch Lein.

Of the speeches I shall say nothing : necessarily they were a repetition of what had been often said, but they were listened to delightedly by those who were near enough to hear.

He drove back to Killarney for a time among lines of the "finest peasantry in the world," and certainly here it was no vain boast, for I glanced along the rows of fine stalwart men, old, and middle-aged and young, and their wives and daughters ; and at an average every second woman was handsome. True it is that a smiling face wins admiration, and bright eyes and white teeth and healthy looks make up a comely picture, and all around was joy and excitement.

Still exciting as politics were there was something far more pleasantly so, I hoped, in the joyous greetings I read in many a young couple's recognitions.

To be in such a scene without feelings of romance was utterly at variance with the national character. And the sad romance of reality had often during that morning come to my mind with the thought, all cheerful and smiling as were man and Nature, why amid such blessings of beauty and fertility around us had man marred Nature's work?

There was a public dinner that evening in a large temporary building erected in the town of Killarney, and the usual amount of speeches, and in my idea more than the usual amount of genuine eloquence.

Several of the gentlemen appeared in the '82 uniform, and I thought I never saw it to such advantage as on the portly figure of Daniel O'Connell.

The following verses come not inappropriately after the description of a "Monster Meeting." They were published in the "Nation," and written during his mayoralty in Dublin :—

O'CONNELL.

I saw him at the hour of prayer,
When morning's earliest dawn
Was breaking o'er the mountain-tops,
O'er grassy dell and lawn ;
When the parting shades of night had fled,
When moon and stars were gone,

Before a high and gorgeous shrine,
 The chieftain knelt alone.
 His hands were clasped upon his breast,
 His eye was raised above ;
 I heard those full and solemn tones
 In words of faith and love :
 He pray'd that those who wrong'd him might
 For ever be forgiven ;
 Oh ! who would say such prayers as these
 Are not received in Heaven ?

I saw him next amid the best
 And noblest of our isle ;
 There was the same majestic form,
 The same heart-kindling smile ;
 But grief was on that princely brow—
 For others still he mourn'd,
 He gazed upon poor fetter'd slaves,
 And his heart within him burn'd :
 And he vowed before the captive's God,
 To break the captive's chain—
 To bind the broken heart, and set
 The bondsman free again.
 And fit he was our chief to be
 In triumph or in need :
 Who never wrong'd his deadliest foe,
 In thought, or word, or deed !

I saw him when the light of eve
 Had faded from the west—
 Beside the hearth the old man sat,
 By infant forms caress'd.
 One hand was gently laid upon
 His grandchild's clustering hair,
 The other raised to heaven, invoked
 A blessing and a prayer ;

And woman's lips were heard to breathe
A high and glorious strain.
Those songs of old that haunt us still,
And ever will remain
Within the heart, like treasured gems
That bring from memory's cell,
Thoughts of our youthful days, and friends
That we have loved so well !

I saw that eagle-glance again—
The brow was marked with care ;
Though rich and regal are the robes
The nation's chief doth wear ;
And many an eye now quailed with shame,
And many a cheek now glow'd,
As he paid them back with words of love,
For every curse bestow'd.
I thought of his unceasing care,
His never-ending zeal,
I heard the watchword burst from all--
The gathering cry—"Repeal."
And as his eyes were raised to heaven,
From whence his mission came—
He stood amid the thousands there
A monarch save in name !

CHAPTER XXI.

BLACKWATER BRIDGE.—DEMESNE OF DROMORE.—GLENGARRIFF.
—ESK MOUNTAIN TUNNEL.—FRENCH INVASIONS AT BANTRY
BAY.—LORD BANTRY'S COTTAGE.—DRIVE TO CASTLETOWN.—
CROMWELL'S BRIDGE. — ALLIHIES MINES. — TRAGEDY AT
DUNBOY CASTLE.—THE WISHING-ROCK ON DURSEY ISLAND.—
NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF BEREHAVEN HARBOUR. — VIEW
FROM HUNGRY HILL.—LEGEND OF THE MOUNTAIN LAKES.—
O'SULLIVAN POSSESSIONS. — TOWN OF BANTRY. — GONGANE-
BARRA.—MR. O'CONNELL'S POPULARITY.

To the pedestrian, or the fearless equestrian, the wild mountain-road by Lough Brinn and Blackwater to Kenmare possesses great attractions. Passing from the high road from Killarney to Kenmare at Derrycunibeg, the route leads by Gheremine through the magnificent valley of Coom Dhubh (the Black Pass), than which I can imagine nothing more wildly grand, huge mountains rising on each side, with here and there patches of cultivation, and little clumps of trees.

In the depth of solitude, Lough Brinn appears dark in mountain-shadows, and from it flows into

the Kenmare estuary, the Blackwater, the lake and the river, both famous for excellent trout.

The bridge at the village of Blackwater is a very picturesque old structure, sixty feet in height, the banks on both sides are very steep and richly wooded. Approaching the bridge by boat, as most tourists do, it is seen to the greatest advantage, the long tall arches with the centre pillar resting on a rock, and the waters gushing and sparkling under them, and down the rocks, to the tranquil pool below, from which the salmon are said to be constantly leaping up the waterfall; but I never was fortunate enough to see any attempt it.

We drove through the demesne of Dromore, and admired the newly-erected castle looking down upon forests of overgrown nettles and rank weeds, and more in keeping with them than with the new edifice were the ruins of two old castles, formerly possessions of the O'Sullivan family, both of which are said to have been bravely defended by their owners against Cromwell's troops.

Glengarriff, or the Rough Glen, is a spot of exquisite beauty, combining all that makes a lovely landscape. Mountains, woods, waters, and islands, all blending together in a series of sweet pictures. It is distant several miles from Kenmare, from which the new road to it is admirably constructed over the mountains, and the traveller is

surprised to come through a tunnel at the top of Esk mountain of two hundred yards long. A hole in the centre does the double duty of letting in the light and marking the boundary between the counties of Cork and Kerry. He must be a great traveller indeed, and a very fastidious one, if he be not surprised and delighted by the view that bursts upon him just below the tunnel.

A violent shower had made our party glad of the friendly shelter it afforded, and as we emerged from it, the mist was driven off the hills, and the sun was peeping out from a cloud, and sending some promising rays on the valley.

There were the deep blue waters of Bantry Bay, famous in story, looking now placid as a lake, with its various islands, and the Martello towers showing among them, telling of less peaceful times.

The French fleet first invaded this magnificent bay in 1689, coming to the assistance of King James II., and the second time in 1796—how unsuccessfully on both occasions it is needless to mention.

The pretty little hotel at Glengariff is a most tempting resting-place to the tourist, there is so much in the neighbourhood to admire. The accommodation there is very good, and the fares most moderate.

Lord Bantry's unpretending little cottage, and its pretty grounds are freely open to the stranger, and so is Mrs. White's finer place, overhanging the beautiful bay of Glengariff.

The drive to Castletown, which was our next resting-place, brought us a succession of fine sea and mountain views. On leaving Glengariff we passed a curious old bridge, called Cromwell's bridge, said to have been very hurriedly built by order of that imperious commander, who on his way to attack the strongholds of the chieftains in this remote land, complained of having to ride through the river, and so the tale tells that on his return the bridge was built. But, I believe, it was Cromwell's general who visited this country, not himself.

I have many pleasant memories of Castletown, and the hospitality "racy of the soil" shown us during our stay there, and the charming rural rambles we enjoyed, mounted on real mountain ponies.

One day it was an excursion to the Allihies mines, discovered by a Captain Hall, and the property of Mr. Puseley, the most productive copper mines in the kingdom. We brought away some very fine specimens, and I blessed the chance that had provided a source of so much employment in such a wild district, and made the owner,

though an absentee, and his pretty place, Dunboy, going to ruin, a benefactor to this part of the country.

The old castle of Dunboy, of which little remains, was the site of a fearful tragedy in the "bad old times," for "good" could not be applied here; it was bravely defended by its chief, Philip O'Sullivan, and after a severe struggle taken in 1601, by the troops under Sir George Carew, and the garrison were all basely murdered!

Another day we had a ride over the mountains and "west of the hills," in the country phraseology, and a visit to the Dursey Island, each young lady of the party kissing the Wishing-rock there, with a due amount of veneration, and a necessary degree of timidity, for the undoubted rock was on the side of a fearfully steep precipice overhanging the "deep, deep sea." But the charm was gone through amid great laughter, and we returned to the mainland, and had a gay pic-nic in an old country-house, which had been famed for its hospitality in the time of our great-grandfathers, and I think we all enjoyed ourselves as much as they could have done.

Groups of the peasantry had assembled near the old house, dressed in their Sunday's best for the occasion, the women all with the brightest red

and yellow shawls and handkerchiefs I had ever seen, and several young couples were dancing away with might and main to the music (or the airs) of an old piper.

The harbour of Berehaven, on which the little town of Castletown is built, is said to be unsurpassed for natural advantages, and I can affirm it is full of natural beauties. The steep island of Bere shuts out the boisterous Atlantic; but, indeed, rough as it generally is, it treated us kindly, for we had some boating parties exploring caves along the very fine cliffs, and the sea was delightfully calm.

To the top of Hungry Hill we indefatigable explorers climbed one bright day; and though it is called "hill" it is a very respectable mountain of over two thousand feet. The view from the summit on all sides was most grand: there was the boundless ocean, and the bays, and old Cape Clear showing distinctly. How often has it been hailed with joy by the voyager from America! There were mountains in all variety of shapes, from the Sugar-loaf, close below us, to the distant rocks of Killarney.

Among the Caha mountains lying near us we were told there were three hundred and sixty-five lakes, and the legend tells that they sprang up miraculously during an excessive drought at

the prayers of a holy old hermit, a dweller in these solitudes.

Few tourists leave the beaten track, and there are hidden beauties and objects of interest to the antiquary, the geologist, the botanist, the fisherman, in rambles among the mountain-paths of the coasts of Kerry and Cork.

Several miles from Castletown, and twelve from Kenmare, is the harbour of Kilmacologue, and on a bold cliff overhanging the bay are the ruins of Ardea Castle, an O'Sullivan possession, as nearly every thing in this part of the country was.

We visited the fine lake of Glenmore, and the very picturesque lakes of Cluney, one of them of very considerable extent: then Lough Quinlan with its remarkable floating islands; and at Lock-hurt there are the remains of a very perfect druidical circle.

I earnestly wish that others, like me, would explore this beautiful wild scenery, which requires only to be known to be appreciated.

Bantry is an insignificant and dirty town, but our approach to it by boat from Glengarriff was delightful, and is, I think, the very best way to see the mountains in their varied shapes to the greatest advantage. From the hill at the

back of Lord Berehaven's residence we had a magnificent view of the bay.

Gongane-barra lies amid an amphitheatre of mountains; and among all the mountain-lakes I had recently been seeing, I saw none to please me as it did. It was so lonely, so wild, and the day was peculiarly suited to its beauty, being dark and still. On its beautifully verdant little island, such a contrast to the barrenness around, are the ruins of the hermitage of St. Finbar, which belonged to the monastery of that name in the city of Cork, and a meeter spot for a monk to forget the world he had left, and prepare for the better one to come, I cannot imagine.

As we lingered where so many prayers had been said, and voices raised in harmony to heaven, a sudden sound of sweet music broke upon our delighted ear,—a solemn old air, faint at first, then swelling louder and louder, and echoed back by the mountain reverberations. The effect was delicious—the time—the place—the music of other days—made quite a romantic episode in our minds—when, alas! the strain ceased, and a fine rosy-cheeked young man jumped up from his recumbent position, behind a wall, a cornopean in his hand.

A merry and very homely dinner at the little

wayside inn prepared us to enjoy the long drive to Macroom by the Inchageela lakes.

The shades of night were falling fast as we passed a forge, outside of which burned brightly a circular turf-fire, round which were collected a group of country people, looking most joyous in the ruddy light.

“Huzza ! huzza !” shouted our postilion, as he succeeded in coaxing his tired horses into a trot.

“Huzza ! huzza ! for O’Connell,” roared a stentorian voice from the crowd, and a loud hearty cheer responded. The incident was trifling, but it showed me how truly Mr. O’Connell then lived in the hearts of the people.

CHAPTER XXII.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

WITH the past history of Ireland of recent years, the name of Daniel O'Connell is so inseparably united that a brief memoir of him may not be unacceptable. His is a name that must always hold a high place among the celebrated men of the age; and when this generation, with its petty jealousies and paltry malices, has passed away—when the oblivion of the grave envelopes his maligners in total forgetfulness, a right-judging posterity will render ample justice to the talents devoted to benefit his country.

For his services to that country and its ancient faith, every Catholic, whatever be the fashion of his political creed, ought gratefully to remember Daniel O'Connell. Yet how many among the “hereditary bondsmen” fail in gratitude and respect to his memory!

The family of O'Connell was one amid numerous old Milesian septs, that, keeping faithful to the

ancient church, were despoiled of their ancient territory, and who clung to their native land, retaining in all its vigour the pride of birth, with little but the remembrance of their former greatness to keep it alive.

Among the beautiful mountain-wilds of Glenear, a small remnant of the family property was overlooked by the despoilers, and so escaped confiscation.

Times had changed, and on the lands where the chieftains had ruled with despotic sway, they now wore their lives away in useless murmurs : too deeply-rooted a pride to enter on trade ; too deeply-rooted a hatred of their new rulers to submit tamely to their government ; and, redeeming virtue !—too deeply-rooted a love for and belief in the religion of their forefathers, to sacrifice it for any worldly consideration. The inflictions of the penal laws are too well known to require repetition.

The barony of Iveragh, with the southern part of Dunkerne, is, to my taste, a singularly beautiful country ; its lofty mountains casing in two broad valleys, and its fit boundary—the restless Atlantic—washing those wilds ; now forming an estuary and harbour, as at Cahirciveen and Valencia—now dashing on stupendous cliffs, as along the chain of mountains by Dingle Bay, and round the

headlands—and, again, rolling on the immense sandy beach of Ballinskelligs.

On a grant of land given in Queen Elizabeth's time to Trinity College, Dublin, began the little fishing village of Cahirciveen, improved of recent years into a small country town.

On the opening of the estuary on which it stands, on the opposite shore, stand the ruins of Ballycarbery Castle, at one time the residence of the O'Connell chieftain; and, higher up—now also in ruins—is the once comfortable country house of Carhea, in which was born, August 6th, 1775, Daniel O'Connell.

The ivy, planted some years since to protect those walls, flourishes luxuriantly now round the old house; and how earnestly I have wished, as I have noticed its growth, that the hopes for Ireland's welfare which took root in the heart that first beat within those ruins, may bloom in a happier future.

Morgan O'Connell, the second son of Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane, married Catherine, daughter of John O'Mullane, Esq., of Whitechurch, county Cork.

Daniel was the fourth child of a family of fourteen children, of whom nine lived to mature age and married, and six of these now survive.

A tutor instructed Daniel and his brothers, Maurice and John, in their early years, and even as a very young child, the first named was remarkably fond of reading, and would quietly sit for hours—though he was a very lively boy—in a quiet corner poring over a book.

At ten years of age, he wrote a play, of very Jacobite tendency: the subject, the house of Stuart against that of the Guelphs; the manuscript, in the large letters of a child's writing, filling a prodigious quantity of paper.

Fond as Daniel was of books, he loved sporting even better, and the half play-day on Saturday, and often the whole of Friday, granted by an indulgent mother's request, were spent in hunting or fishing.

The previous evening, arrangements were made; if the decision were in favour of hunting, dogs had to be collected from neighbouring friends, for the young boys could only boast of a few hounds; and if for fishing, bait was carefully prepared, and by break of day—and often in late autumn and early spring before it—the boys were far away from home.

Amid those quiet mountain-valleys, by the sparkling rivers watering them, rose within the warm young heart of Daniel O'Connell that love

of fatherland which unchangingly urged on his career, and so saddened the over-worked old man in his last days.

I have heard of his dreamy reveries, reclining on some mossy bank, by the side of a favourite trout-pool, and his passionate admiration of the beauties of Nature, the high thoughts of after years stirring within him; and then the boyish glee with which he would count dozen after dozen of the pretty speckled trout of these mountain-streams, the trophies of his skill as an angler.

Visits to Darrynane to his grandmother and uncle Maurice were among the pleasures of vacation, and to one, during early childhood, he well remembered travelling in a panier slung on a horse, his younger brother John being in the second basket, with a weight to balance him, and both the children's delight, as the horse in passing the ford of Tuny river, which was then much flooded, went into such deep water that it came into their baskets.

Now beautiful carriage-roads traverse those wilds; and bridges, at which our ancestors would have wondered, cross the rivers; the traces of the steep mountain-paths remain for us to marvel at; the great romance of travel has been superseded by the comfort of it—a word more

befitting our experiences of the nineteenth century.

To the family of Boyle, settlers in the county Cork, was given, in Elizabeth's reign, a grant of the Abbey lands of Darrynane, belonging to the monks of the confiscated convent of St. Finbar, in Cork city.

John O'Connell, of Tarmins, the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, married a Miss Conway, daughter of Conway of Castle Conway, on the river Laune, since called Killorglin; she was a very accomplished woman, and, though descended from Elizabethan settlers, verified the saying of being "more Irish than the Irish."

A Captain Boyle, visiting his lands of Darrynane, gave to this pair a lease of it for forty years, offering a lease for ever, for which the lady promptly thanked him, telling him, she hoped such would be useless, that the king would come again, and that all would have their own, and if he did not, that such a lease would bring on them a bill of discovery.

Smith, in his history of Kerry, mentions his visit to Darrynane, and his reception by Daniel Connell, son of this lady. The Catholics in those days, and, indeed, for many years later, care-

fully suppressed their Milesian adjunct of O and Mac.

“Per Mac atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos ;
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest :”

“By O and Mac you ’ll surely know
True Irishmen alway ;
But if they lack both O and Mac
No Irishmen are they.”

The historian, a family tradition tells, took a great fancy to a mountain pony, and expressing his admiration to his host, told him that if he could give him the little animal he would insert a paragraph in the history he was preparing, telling how ancient were his family, and how they had suffered.

“The pony is yours, with much pleasure,” replied the owner of it, “conditionally that you say nothing of me or my family. I only wish for the safety of obscurity.” The experiences of his fathers were not thrown away upon him.

In his thirteenth year, Daniel and his brother Maurice were sent to the Rev. Mr. Harrington’s school, at Redington, near the Cove of Cork, where a few years since I read Daniel’s name, scraped in school-boy’s writing on a pane of glass there.

From this the boys were sent by their uncle Maurice, who, being childless himself, had adopted

them, to the Continent, and at the college of St. Omer, Daniel quickly rose to the highest places in the classes; from St. Omer they were transferred to the English college at Douay.

In 1794 Daniel entered as a law-student at Lincoln's Inn, and in May, 1798—that year so fatally memorable to Ireland—he was called to the bar.

The autumn of the same year he had a violent fever at Darrynane, and during it he raved incessantly of his country; his brother John, to whom he was always tenderly attached, coming to see him during the progress of the fierce disease, he recognised him instantly, and, jumping up in bed, exclaimed, “What news from the disturbed districts? I am to be a delegate!”

There was a struggle of some days, and youth triumphed, and Daniel lived to serve that country which had such a firm hold on his heart, that not even sickness, in its most trying form, could alter his feelings.

In 1802 Mr. O'Connell married a distant relative of his own, Mary, daughter of Edward O'Connell, M.D., of Tralee, making what is called a “love-match,” and setting aside all worldly or prudential considerations, for his choice had but a very small fortune, and his uncle was anxious to have him married to some well-dowered lady.

This union was one of the tenderest affection, ensuring both a “life of happy years,” until 1836, when Mrs. O’Connell died at Darrynane. She was a devoted wife and mother, a kind friend, and deeply and deservedly regretted; she left seven children—four sons and three daughters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, CONTINUED.

ON neither Mr. O'Connell's early nor later struggles in the legal or political world shall I attempt to dwell. From the very commencement his success at the bar was great, and I was told by one who saw his fee-book, that even during the first years, when young barristers rarely even hold a brief, he was making an independence by his profession ; and his political success was, indeed, unprecedented.

The following passage strikes me as very forcible, and very true. I read it lately in a little book published in Paris, in 1847, and merely styled " L'Irlande."

Speaking of O'Connell, the author writes :

" Cet homme remarquable par l'assemblage de beaucoup de qualités éminentes et dont la réunion est singulièrement rare, était aussi supérieur dans ses écrits et ses harangues que dans l'action ou la prudence du conseil. Sans glaive

ni armée O'Connell s'était, pour ainsi dire, assuré la royauté de l'Irlande, et a été à la fois son avocat, son tribun, son général, et son Sauveur. Les pauvres, les opprimés l'ont toujours trouvé prêt à les défendre, et le secret de cette puissance sans exemple dans l'histoire, qu' O'Connell s'est acquise sur l'Irlande, était fondé sur le mérite qu'il eut d'avoir adopté la protection de sept millions d'hommes qui souffrent et dont la misère est une injustice."

Mr. O'Connell's first political speech was in January, 1800, against the then proposed measure of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland ; and forty-seven years later, in January, 1847, his last speech in Ireland was against that measure—a lesson this of consistency to changeable politicians.

Those who know anything of Irish history, will recollect how almost hopeless was the state of the Irish Catholic when the first humble meeting of the Catholic Association came together in October, 1823, and how that Association spread and prospered.

The year 1828 was memorable for the Clare election, when O'Connell was returned member, the first Catholic M.P. since the days of James II. ; and the year following saw Catholic emancipation.

The Catholic Relief Bill received the royal assent the 13th of April, 1829, and on the 15th of May O'Connell was introduced in the House of Commons by Lord Duncannon, as member for Clare.

The Speaker refused allowing him to take only the Catholic oath, as his election had been before the passing of the bill; on the 19th of the same month he appeared at the bar of the House, and I have often heard that the scene was most exciting on his appearance there that day.

The oath of supremacy was tendered to him, and, on reading it through, he distinctly gave his opinion on it. I quote his words on the occasion, a very popular little print recording the event, making them long familiar :

“I see in this oath one assertion as a matter of fact, which I know is not true; and I see in it another assertion as a matter of opinion, which I believe is not true. I therefore refuse to take this oath.”

A new election for Clare followed, when he was returned triumphantly. An eye-witness of that election has told me that nothing could equal the wild enthusiasm of the people; their feelings of patriotism had lain dormant, not died within them; this election had aroused it with national ardour, and it blazed forth until famine and

misery had done their work, and left us a broken-spirited people.

A little anecdote, among many, of the enthusiasm of the peasantry, though trifling, I shall record; the carriage in which was Mr. O'Connell, was approaching Ennis, and the crowd was accumulating round it, men, women, and children, cheering lustily as they waved green boughs. A poor elderly woman working in her cabbage-garden threw down her spade when she recognised it, and looking eagerly about her for something green to wave too in honour of "the Liberator," seized on a large bunch of nettles, and flourishing them joyfully above her head, she ran forward and joined the throng around the carriage, shouting vehemently, "Long life to O'Connell, the man of the people."

Through all the efforts of his political career, I must not follow him; for me it is sufficient to say that O'Connell was ever the uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty for all; that he was a strenuous advocate for the emancipation of the slave, and an opposer of the New Poor Law.

How very many now, whose income has gradually dwindled to a mere name, will own *his* wisdom in so doing, and that *he* knew the country and its resources well.

O'Connell was essentially an Irishman, in thought, and word, and deed, true to his creed and his country. Of the unbounded influence he possessed over the hearts and minds of the great majority of his countrymen, the wondrous monster meetings, with the profound peace of their assembled tens of thousands, in a land too proverbial for internecine quarrels, best tell. Yes! *he* was untiring in his wishes and efforts for the improvement of his country.

Let those who loved, and then hated, who trusted and praised, and then basely turned upon and defamed the worn-out old man, remember that for that country O'Connell refused office and title, and for that country he died.

To the censurers of the "Tribute," so misunderstood, so condemned, I think the best reply is in Mr. O'Connell's own pamphlet, "A Meek and Modest Reply to Lord Shrewsbury," published in 1842. I believe no monarch ever received as willing a "tribute" from his subjects, and I know that of public money so much never was returned for the public benefit.

Turn we now to another picture—the end of all O'Connell's anxieties and struggles. On Monday evening, January 28th, 1847, he left Kingstown for London, to attend Parliament, never to

return to Ireland ; his health, so long robust, had begun to fail, and gave much uneasiness to his family.

On the 6th March, by the advice of physicians, he went to Hastings, and on the 22nd of the same month, he crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne for a continental tour, accompanied by his friend and chaplain, the Very Reverend Dr. Miley, and his youngest son, Daniel.

It was hoped that complete change of air and scene, with the absence of all political excitement, would speedily restore his health, but it was not to be so, for the fatal malady was at work within him.

The travellers rested some days in Paris at the Hotel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli, and were there paid every mark of the deepest respect.

On the Sunday, March 27th, the members of the Electoral Committee instituted for the defence of Religious Freedom, waited on Mr. O'Connell, and the distinguished president of it, Comte de Montalembert, read to him an address of congratulations, and of their sincere sympathy ; to which he briefly replied ; " Gentlemen, sickness and emotion close my mouth. I would require the eloquence of your president to express to you all my gratitude, but it is impossible for me to say all I feel. Know simply that I regard this de-

monstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life."

Next day he left Paris for Orleans, the hotel, up to the moment of his departure, was crowded with visitors, many of whom he was obliged, from the weakened state of his health, to refuse to see.

On hearing M. de Berryer announced, he begged to see him, for he felt an earnest warm admiration for this devoted adherent of the Comte de Chambord. As he came to him, Mr. O'Connell cordially took his hand, telling him, "He could not resist the satisfaction of pressing it within his own." M. de Berryer, deeply moved, said, "Je viens vous exprimer mon profond respect, et toute mon admiration."

By easy stages and with several stops, *en route*, the travellers reached Genoa on the 6th May, the accounts of the patient's amending health, as he went southward, filling his absent friends with hope, and full himself of anxiety to reach the Eternal City. But here death called him away after some days of suffering borne without a murmur.

Strong in the perfect resignation and trust of a Christian, surrounded by all the consolations of religion, his sinking voice struggling to utter prayers, died Daniel O'Connell, on the 15th May,

1847, closing an agitated and troubled life, by a death beautifully calm as an infant's sleep.

The body was embalmed, and on the 19th conveyed to the parochial church, Della Vigne, where the obsequies were performed, and where it lay in state until it was conveyed to Ireland.

The heart was put into an urn, bearing this inscription :— “ Daniel O’Connell, natus Kerry, obiit Genuæ, die 15 Maii, 1847, ætatis suæ ann. lxxii.” It was carried to Rome by Daniel O’Connell and Dr. Miley, and deposited in the church of San Andrea della Valle, where it remains.

Those who know how devoted that heart was to Ireland, will regret with me that its last resting-place is away from that country.

In Rome, on the 28th and 30th of June, were celebrated, with a princely magnificence, his solemn obsequies. The whole services were solemnized by the express command of His Holiness, Pius IX., who desired to pay the highest tribute in his power to the “hero of Christianity,” as he styled O’Connell. The funeral oration was delivered by the famed preacher, Padre Ventura, and was pronounced a masterpiece of eloquence.

August the 2nd, the remains of Daniel O’Connell were brought to Ireland, and most mournful was

the universal homage paid to all that was left of him who had loved that country so tenderly !

The immense funeral-procession from the steamer to the metropolitan church, Marlborough-street, was sad and impressive beyond expression. Sobs and tears replaced the joyous cheers of other days.

On the 3rd, the most striking ceremonial of the Catholic Church, the solemn Requiem Mass, was celebrated, and the funeral oration pronounced by Dr. Miley. On the next day, the body was borne to its resting-place in Glasnevin Cemetery, attended by mourning thousands, paying a solemn and grateful tribute to departed worth ; and, amid the most heartfelt wailings, the coffin was laid in the vault.

The final prayers of the burial-service were said—and all the pageants of this world had passed away for Daniel O'Connell.

How vividly the well-known face and form of the departed "Liberator" come now before me ! The tall portly figure, with its vigorous bearing, the florid complexion, the clear blue eye, now beaming with tenderness, now shining with gaiety ; but it was the mouth that expressed so much—at one moment the intensity of contempt, the next the playful pleasantry—and a change again, for the saddest smile, has succeeded.

Among the various newspaper paragraphs on Mr. O'Connell's death, I think the two following, from French newspapers, the best worthy of record. The first is from the *Univers*.

“ O'Connell is dead, at the height of grief, as at the height of glory, harassed by the ungrateful conduct of some of those whom he saved, but still less troubled by their ingratitude than frightened by their folly. On leaving Ireland he saw other adversaries of his designs, other enemies of Ireland, than those he vanquished. This is not the moment to explain who these Irishmen are, and what they desire, who feared not to hate and insult O'Connell dying in the midst of the world's respect ; but no one is ignorant that, restrained by his hand to the last moment, they made him contemplate with dread the death which approached to deliver them, hastened by their impious hope. That was the secret, too easy, alas ! to penetrate, of the august sadness which was imprinted on his features, and which wrung us with grief during the few moments that we saw and heard him. His manly heart succumbed in the agony which the future inspired. The famine afflicted him, but Young Ireland would have driven him to despair. To strengthen himself against such alarms, all the energy of sentiment, which with him was the spring of his glorious life, was not too much ; he

prayed, he confided himself to God.
Let us remember that what he has done for the Irish Catholics, he has done for all Catholic nations. His rights to our gratitude are not less numerous than his titles to our admiration."

The second extract I give is from the *Constitutionnel*:—

"The hopes which had been conceived of the recovery of Mr. O'Connell, have been cruelly disappointed. The great orator had scarcely arrived at Genoa, when he felt himself mortally attacked, and was the first to declare that he had only three days to live. The death of such a man would have been an important event at any period ; but in the present difficult situation of England, and with the famine which desolates Ireland, the disappearance of the Liberator acquires extreme importance."

I shall conclude this brief sketch of Daniel O'Connell's life, by the panegyric pronounced upon him by Mr. Shiel, in the House of Commons, June 28th:—

"I shall be glad," said Mr. Shiel, "if, when Parliament is approaching to its close, it shall make a testamentary manifestation of good will to the people of Ireland, indicative of the policy by which the government of the noble individual should be sustained who has had the courage to

undertake the administration of Ireland. That able and sagacious statesman will have great difficulties to encounter—difficulties which have been enhanced by the death of the celebrated man to whom the noble lord opposite” (Lord George Bentinck) “alluded in the course of these discussions—the man to whom his country owes incalculable obligations, and to whom hereafter, when the passions and prejudices, the antipathies and the predilections of the hour shall have passed away, in the impartial adjudication of those who shall come after us, the attributes of greatness, political and intellectual, will be beyond doubt assigned. Whatever opinion may be entertained of his title to the veneration of his country, in an assembly composed like that which I am now addressing, it must be admitted, by those who were in the sternest antagonism to him while he lived, that the renowned Irishman effected his achievements by a great mental instrumentality; and I trust that the time will never arrive when English statesmen will have cause to lament that the voice by which millions of men were at once excited or controlled is heard no more, and that the accents on which a nation hung in rapture, and a senate in admiration, are hushed in the grave for ever. Would that he had been spared to his country—would that he had lived to behold

the seat of that ancient and perpetual faith, of which he was a firm and humble believer, and of which he was the proud and chivalrous champion—that he had lived to behold the Eternal City—that he had knelt down at the altar of the greatest temple which was ever raised by the hands of man, worthy of the purposes, the high and holy ones, to which it was devoted; and that through the marble halls of the Vatican, the venerable man, although with feeble and tottering steps, had found his way, amidst the array of sacerdotal pomp, to receive the salutation of the great Pontifical Reformer, who has ascended the chair of St. Peter amidst the acclamations of the world; and would that, after the performance of that pilgrimage, the illustrious Irishman could have returned to the country of his birth, and which he set free, in order to renew the injunctions never to infringe the principles on which he acted all his life, and of the violation of which he was never rightfully accused. I am conscious that I have departed from the more immediate question before the house, but I, who have now so seldom a justification for interfering in your discussions, shall be pardoned if I have availed myself of this the first occasion which has presented itself to me, to offer a mournful but unavailing tribute of commemoration to the memory of the man with whom

I was for so many years politically associated, and whose departure from the great scene in which he performed a part which attracted the attention of mankind, I regret as a disaster which it will require great wisdom and fortitude, and the spirit of conciliation, by which the policy on this measure is founded, to countervail."

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOYAGE TO CORK.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CORK.—CONFUSION ON HER UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—THE BEGGARS AND VAGRANTS COULD NOT BE KEPT OUT OF SIGHT.—THE SHANDON BELLS.—CORK, "THE BEAUTIFUL CITY."—QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.—REFLECTIONS ON THE "GODLESS COLLEGES."—QUAYS OF CORK.—EMIGRATING VESSELS.—LAMENTATIONS AT LEAVING HOME.

CORK, July, 1850.

THE grey mists of morning still enveloped the land as I came on the deck of the Bristol packet, and anxiously tried to make out if the leaden line in the distance was Ireland. On we steamed and the mists dispersed, and a glorious sunrise came, and we entered the fine harbour of Cork having Carlisle and Camden forts on each side, and lying before us the prettily situated town of Cove, loyally called Queenstown since her Majesty landed there in August last year.

We pass by the quay on which a queen first touched Irish soil, and her Majesty is not likely to forget the welcome her presence called forth ; yet she could scarcely judge it as a genuine Irish

welcome, for famine and pestilence and poverty had deadened the enthusiasm of the national character, and the *cead mille failte* that waved over the arches and spoke in the subdued huzzas was a very faint echo of the Irish welcomes of brighter days.

The royal squadron entered Cork harbour at the dawn of day, Friday, August 3rd, just twelve hours before it was expected; the Queen thus gracefully reversing the usual mode of treating Ireland by advancing instead of withholding a boon to her.

The entire of the "beautiful city" of Cork was thrown into confusion by this unexpected arrival. Half the preparations for the entry of her Majesty were unfinished, arches still exhibited bare pillarshafts, piles of evergreens and banners lay about, the civic authorities were in despair, but their dismay was trifling compared to that of many of the fairer portions of the population, to whom tardy dressmakers and milliners had not as yet sent finery requisite for the occasion.

What was to be done? A deputation, headed by the Mayor, steamed down the river, and was received on board the royal yacht by the Home Secretary, who announced that her Majesty was then reposing and could not be disturbed, but

assured them that her Majesty said she would land at two o'clock, and that her Majesty never changed her plans; so the deputation had only to steam away again, and to endeavour to apply a little of it to the workmen's exertions, to hustle on their robes of office, and to be ready at the Custom-house quay to receive the Queen. And come her Majesty did with her usual punctuality.

A bright beautiful afternoon, the sun gleaming on the rich woods and waters from a clear blue sky: there was nothing then in the picture to tell of the miseries the same sun had shone on during the rounds of the past years.

I have often thought it was an especial blessing that the Queen came unexpectedly to Ireland, for in her transit through the city of Cork she saw, with her own eyes, evidences of that poverty she had heard of. Had there been the inclination there was no time to keep the wretched beggars and vagrants out of sight of her Majesty's path. It was said the experiment was tried on her visit to the Duke of Leinster at Carton, her only glimpse at the interior of the country, when care was taken that nothing unpleasant should meet the royal eye.

But in Cork unmistakable signs of poverty were

visible: the poorer classes were in their working clothes, the very thin attendance of people allowed the striking poverty of, alas! the many to appear, and more than one gaunt spectre-like mother, with a famishing child in her arms, gazed on the pageant as it passed, and was seen and remarked upon by the Queen.

I remember seeing a number of the “Charivari” after the Queen’s visit, in which her passage was represented as lined with policemen, with long-tailed coats, who kept them spread open to hide the beggars crouching behind them.

Our steamer lands in Cork on the Sabbath morning, and sweet bells are tolling around, reminding us of the day, and bringing to my mind those pretty lines of the Rev. F. Mahony:—

THE SHANDON BELLS.

Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.

Inscription on an Old Bell.

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on,
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
 Spoke nought like thine ;

For memory dwelling,
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole," in
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican ;
And cymbals glorious,
Swinging uproarious,
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Nôtre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;
O ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and Kiosko !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee !

Cork is the second city in Ireland, and deserves its name of the " beautiful city," not from the beauty of its streets, but from its situation in the centre of a valley, and the hills that rise around it, covered as they are with woods, and pretty villas peeping amid them. The town is mostly built upon marshy ground, as its Irish name denotes, and it is a place of very considerable commerce.

Here we have one of the Queen's colleges, a fine gothic building, placed in a well chosen situation; and if we may judge from the number of its present students it is in a flourishing condition.

Of course, in true Irish style, there are two parties on the question of the "godless colleges,"—the one upholding them as a national blessing, judging that a first-rate education being placed within the reach of the middle classes, is, indeed, a boon to be grateful for,—the other as strenuously condemning them as a national grievance, and foretelling that in them the germ of infidelity will be sown to spring up in unbelief in the rising generation.

But while one party approves, and the other condemns, the Queen's colleges are gaining ground in public opinion. Let us hope that the mother does not send her son to a college to learn his religion, that its early and uneffaceable impressions have been made on his young mind, that the sweet influences of home are with him in his studies, and the noble influences of religion teach him fraternal charity towards those around him, who may not be of his creed, and that the rising generation may, still strong in faith, have learned to hate intolerance.

We pass along the quays of Cork, and ships of

various nations attract our attention. Here is a ship from Riga, another from Trieste, and several from America, all laden with corn, and on one side is a pleasant scene of labour, and the free-trader, the conscientious lover of cheap bread, will bless the law that brings food to starving thousands.

But turn we aside by those large American ships that have discharged their cargo, and we see a different scene—there is a reverse to every picture. Seated on a low straw chair (one of the household gods) is a very old woman, and around her are men and women in the vigour of youth and health, and sturdy children, all busy among piles of luggage, for they are all about to emigrate.

On addressing the old woman she tells us : “ I ’ve no English ; ” and except these words she can say nothing more in that language. The tears course down her cheeks as in her native tongue she laments the home she is leaving, and having to lay her bones in a strange country : we leave her children comforting her.

Pass on and group after group arrests our attention, there are tearful eyes, and helplessly dejected looks among them, but, thank God, there is hope shining in some honest eyes, telling of joy to meet absent kindred again, and of firm resolve to earn comfort in their new homes.

And what can we do but, in wishing them all a happier fate in the land of their adoption, sigh that in the beautiful land of their birth some remedy has not yet been found by the legislature, to check the immense flow of emigration, and enable the industrious to earn their livelihood at home.

CHAPTER XXV.

POVERTY IN IRELAND. — THE RICH BECOME POOR. — MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF THE POTATO BLIGHT. — FATE OF MANY FARMERS AND LANDED PROPRIETORS. — IRISH WANT OF FORETHOUGHT. — INSTANCES. — IRELAND NOW IN A TRANSITION STATE.—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN CORK.—LADIES' CLOTHING SOCIETY. — INSTANCES OF ITS BENEFITS. — THE POOR WEAVER.

A CHANGE has indeed come over the Ireland of 1844, and the merry, reckless, national character has been crushed and altered by the years of trial that have gone by.

We know that even in the days of Ireland's prosperity, when Nature's blessings were so plentifully lavished on her, the Irish peasant was many degrees worse fed, clothed, and housed than the peasants of any other European country, and, as can easily be believed, the recent struggles have not improved his social condition.

Not only are the poor of Ireland miserably

poor still, but the hitherto rich have become poor ; many a cabin along the wayside is levelled to the ground, its former owners inmates of a workhouse, a grave, or emigrated to America ; and most melancholy it is to see the fields around these ruined dwellings now lying waste, and thistles and docks and rag-weed growing luxuriantly where food for man ought to flourish.

I heard of a farmer in the county of Cork who held a valuable farm under a long and fair lease ; he had prospered in life, had a sum of money in the bank, and had besides, what a farmer looks on as wealth—three sons, strong, active young men, to aid him in his business.

The year 1847, with its attendant evils came, his potato-fields lay blackened with the fatal blight, and famine and pestilence stalked through the land. The father struggled bravely through that year, paid up his rent, and the spring of 1848 found his savings gone, and in 1849 he was barely able, on selling his stock, to emigrate with his family to America, where the sons till a grateful soil.

This was a case of voluntary emigration. Alas ! in the pages of the past years how many dark records are there of cruel ejection of tenants.

of starving poor, first rack-rented, and then evicted without mercy, some dying under the hedgerows, others creeping to the poor-houses, and the more fortunate leaving the country?

But the fate of many of the landed proprietors calls, too, for our sympathy.

“ Their pleasant hearths are desolate,
Their bright fires quenched and gone.”

The quiet country homes, which seemed too peaceful to have sorrow intrude there—the magnificent homes, guarded by fitting fortunes, both dispensing alike generous hospitality, have been severed from their former occupants, and if they have not yet changed owners, are about doing so in the Encumbered Estates Court, the late proprietors forced absentees, or living in comparative poverty at home.

Some were kind, good landlords, and deserved a better fate ; others, alas ! on whom only a just retribution has fallen, were selfish and hard-hearted ; distress has come upon both, and the cheerful homes are now silent and deserted.

Pleasure-seekers, as they flit from place to place, and see everywhere around them these marks that “ we ’re fallen on gloomy days,” involuntarily ask, “ Is not the proverbial Irish want

of forethought the chief cause of this decay? Why should the gentry live beyond their incomes? Why not make some wise provision to pay off their debts? ”

I am not going to attempt either an apology or a defence for this grievous state of things—I state a fact or two.

A gentleman, having a landed estate with a rental of twelve hundred pounds per annum, owed incumbrances to the amount of ten thousand pounds ; paying five per cent. interest on this sum left him seven hundred pounds per annum ; 1847 and 1848 came—his tenants could not pay their rents, he could not pay his interest money, poor-rates in his Union rose to seven and eight shillings in the pound, and 1849 saw his estates sold among the encumbered estates, leaving a residue to the owner, above law expenses, of eighteen hundred pounds !

Another gentleman, having a nominal rental of between six and seven thousand pounds a year, owed family debts of his father and grandfather—not one of his own—amounting to half the value of his estate ; the bad times prevented interest-money being paid, therefore his property was set up for sale, and sold at an average for twelve years’ purchase.

Ireland is changing masters, she is now in a transition state, and it will take years and years to bring back even the prosperity of five years since.

The great number of charitable institutions in Cork may surprise any one unacquainted with the proverbial charity exercised in this "faire citie," and it seemed to me that there was no end of charity sermons, and subscriptions, and bazaars and lotteries, for the poor of the town.

Prominent among the charities of Cork is the Ladies' Clothing Society, most admirable in its efforts to relieve materially and judiciously many starving families by giving them employment, and an immediate and fair remuneration for their work.

In 1846, a few zealous ladies (God bless them !) met together and organized their society; their beginning was weak, but the society rapidly increased and prospered. Each lady gave a small monthly subscription towards the funds, and her time and work, to cut out and make up the clothing for the poor. In the crowded lanes and back alleys of their city hundreds of weavers wore away their lives in hopeless poverty; willing to work, but having none to employ them; some had known better days, and shuddered at leaving

their humble garrets for the painful relief of a crowded poor house.

At first, the Ladies' Society gave very small orders for ginghams and calicoes, and flannels; and these were given to the poor, or sold for them to the charitably disposed. Larger orders succeeded, the qualities of the manufactured goods improved, and the Cork ladies liberally patronised their home manufacture, and every second lady now wears Blackpool ginghams, and to my eyes, looks better in that simple dress, which gives bread to famishing sufferers than in the most costly silks from foreign looms.

This society forcibly illustrates the blessed results of teaching the poor to support themselves by honest industry, and last year by its exertions three hundred heads of families were kept out of the work-house.

I was told the, alas! too common tale of a poor weaver, an industrious hard-working man, who while he got work, supported his family in honest independence, and occupied with them two good airy rooms in a house at the outskirts of the city; patterns of cleanliness were the humble home, and its inmates. But a few months of helpless idleness changed its aspect; by degrees every article of furniture was sold to keep off

starvation, the airy rooms exchanged for a miserable garret, and here, languishing in the full bitterness of poverty, the weaver dragged on life for weary months. He was too decent to beg, and too independent a spirit to seek the poor-house.

A morning and a night came, and saw him rise from his bed of straw, and return to it without tasting food. His own hunger he could bear, but that of his wife and family was insupportable, and he crawled with them down stairs, determined now to hide from this maddening want in the poor-house.

As they descended the dark stairs he tried to speak comfort to his sobbing wife ; better times might come, he said, and work return to them, and he told her to remember the beautiful old Irish proverb, that “ the darkest hour of all, is the hour before day.”

Ascending those same stairs on their mission of charity were two of the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paule, those “ ministering angels,” who amid the prosperities of happy homes remember how many are homeless, and who, free from all sectarian bigotry, extend a helping hand alike to all creeds ; the true personification in their lives of Christian charity.

Immediate relief was given to the poor family ; they were saved from the poor-house ; the Ladies' Society furnished ample employment, and they are back again in their former home, where every morning and night they pray God to bless the promoters and supporters of native manufacture.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CORK.—PASSAGE RAILWAY.—RESULT OF LATE FAILURES IN CORK.—URSULINE CONVENT.—CASTLE OF BLACKROCK.—QUEENSTOWN.—CARLISLE FORT.—ROSSTELLAN CASTLE.—FAMILY RECORD OF LADY THOMOND.—INSPECTION OF QUEENSTOWN.—CARRIGROHANE CASTLE.—OWNER OF BLARNEY.—BLARNEY CASTLE.—KISSING THE “BLARNEY STONE.”—COLD-WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—BARRYS COURT CASTLE.—KING JAMES II.—FOOTY.—CASTLE-MARTYR.—ROUND TOWER AND CATHEDRAL AT CLOYNE.

Cork has many beauties in its neighbourhood, well worth the inspection of the tourist, and one sunshiny Thursday forenoon we come on board a river steamer, bound for Queenstown, determined to visit those within our reach.

No signs of the times are visible among the gaily-dressed lady portion of the crew seated under an awning on deck, for here are smart bonnets and feathers and flowers enough to set up half-a-dozen milliners in thriving business.

It is difficult to find seats in this crowded space, for three or four pic-nic parties are on board on “pleasure bent,” and they have not “frugal

minds," if we may judge from the size and number of the baskets of provisions.

At length we are off, and our band, consisting of four very faded musicians, strikes up "The Light of other Days."

Passing down the river we quickly clear the shipping, and here, on our right side, is the Passage Railway, and a tiny train just puffing along it, disappears into the Blackrock cutting. On our left rises the noble hill of Glanmire, covered with terraces and villas, many bearing the ominous "To be Let," telling of poverty or absenteeism.

Some of those country seats of the citizen merchants have recently changed owners, for Cork, in the late trying years, witnessed some extensive failures.

On the right lies the Ursuline Convent, well known in Ireland for the admirable system of education carried out by its inmates for young girls, rich and poor, and known to the legal world, for their late unpleasant law case "*M'Carthy v. Fulham*."

Beyond this is the pretty Castle of Blackrock, and then the river widens into a lake, and narrows again as we reach the town of Passage.

There are pretty Turkish-looking baths, more villas and terraces, and the steamer stops at

Monkstown. Leaving this, and some of the pic-nickers, we steam across to Queenstown, the whole population of which seem to have come out on the quays to welcome us.

Here an excellent four-oared whale-boat is readily obtained, at a very reasonable price by the hour, and this brings us across the harbour, the waters so beautifully calm, by Spike Island, the new convict depôt, to the Carrigaline river.

One little spot brings a memory of Killarney, but the glorious mountains are wanting. We land, and ramble about the very fine demesne of Coolmore.

We next ascend to Carlisle Fort, from the ramparts of which we get a very magnificent sea-view, and descending to our boat, and coasting by charming demesnes we come to Rosstellan Castle, the beautiful, but deserted residence of the Marquis of Thomond, which is for sale. Willingly to sell such a residence, as I am told the noble proprietor wishes to do, does not speak much for his taste. The house is an odd pile of building, the situation very lonely, and there are very fine fruit gardens, and sweet flower grounds, and most romantic rural walks, everything to make a "sweet, sweet home."

An old family record tells of a Lady Thomond, who was deaf and dumb, and who after the birth

of her first-born, was observed to sit for hours watching intently every motion of its little face. One day the nurse saw her steal on tiptoe to the side of the baby's cradle, and great was her terror and dismay to see the mother raise her hands, which held a huge stone, over the sleeping child. She rushed to stop the fatal act, but before she could reach the spot, the stone had been thrown with violence to the ground. The noise frightened the baby, who, suddenly awakened from sleep, cried lustily, the mother with sobs and tears, snatched him to her arms, and loaded him with kisses. Her experiment had succeeded, and she had ascertained, beyond a doubt, that her boy was saved from her dreadful affliction.

Onwards from Rosstellan we rowed up the East Ferry: here on the left, is another fine residence to be let or sold.

We ended the day by an inspection of Queens-town, dined there, and returned to Cork, not as we had come; for, as M—— remarked, life is too short to follow twice the same route, but by a drive to Carrigaloe Ferry; a short voyage across the quiet waters rippling in the silvery moon-beams, and on to Cork by the well-chosen new line of railway from Passage.

They were lighting the lamps as the train emerged from the cutting at Blackrock, which

gleamed and twinkled in the river with a very pretty effect.

No tourist can think of leaving Cork without kissing the "Blarney stone." A pleasant drive by the banks of the river Lee brings us opposite Carrigrohane Castle, which is not "To be Let," but is being fitted up as a residence by the proprietor in a spirit worthy of more prosperous times, and the arrangements of its rooms are everything a lover of comfort could desire.

We leave the Lee, and come through a wooded valley, and up a steep hill in view of the "Groves of Blarney." There are the placid lake, the old castle, the rich woods, and better than all to look on these bad times, there are crowds of busy labourers in the fields, showing in the luxuriant crops of that well-planned and extensive farm, that their labour has not been unproductive.

Would that there were many of the same class in Ireland, as the owner of Blarney! He gives fair wages, immense local employment, is daily among his labourers, and in the autumn he will bring them all together in a pleasant and substantial "harvest home." As we wander through the "sweet rack-close," and by the shores of the lake, we wish Mr. Jeffreyes success in his undertakings.

Blarney Castle is full of interest ; being an ancient possession of the family of M'Carthy ; it was besieged by Cromwell, against whom it held out for some time, but the song says—

“ Oliver Cromwell, he did it pommell,
And made a breach in the battlement.”

The top of the castle gained, the guide shows you the “ Blarney stone ” snugly imbedded in fresh water, in a most come-at-able position—the credulous may bend down and kiss it, they will find no effect from the act ; for the real “ stone ” is in a more dangerous position, below the battlement.

“ On the top of the wall, but take care you don't fall,
There 's a stone that contains this same Blarney.”

Opposite to the demesne of Blarney, on the hill side, is an extensive cold-water cure establishment, the situation of which is delightful, and the water undeniably good. I have known many try this system, and for various diseases. Some found their health improved on the first trial—the change of air, the regular hours, the exercise, and, above all, faith in their cure, did wonders—but I have never known a radical cure. There were relapses, and, consequently, a perfect purgatory on earth, though not “ tried by fire,” of wet sheets, and

plunge-baths, and shower-baths, and baths of all kinds *ad infinitum*, and draughts of cold water *ad libitum*, and milk and water for breakfast—and the term aptly applies to the more solid food allowed for dinner—and this course to be kept up to ward off the disease generally for a time.

Can a reasonable enlightened person give their unqualified reliance to a system that professes to cure alike the violent attacks of gout in that fat bloated man, and the wearing pains in the chest and side of that pale slight girl threatened with consumption?

A watchful Providence has blessed the earth with herbs and roots and plants, and shall we doubt that these are useful, or neglect to be grateful for them? Judicious medical treatment has certainly effected cures, and at least while we are still strong in the blessing of health, we will trust in its efficacy.

Another day's country excursion took us to visit the pretty town and demesne of Castlemartyr. The drive from Cork to Middleton, of twelve miles, was through a succession of gentlemen's handsome residences. We turned aside to visit the old castle of Barryscourt, in the great hall of which is a fine old chimney-piece bearing the date 1588.

•

King James the Second, after his last disastrous battle at the Boyne, it is said, came here; but if he did, we may be sure he did not tarry long, being in a very unkingly hurry in those days to turn his back on the loyal subjects that had so devotedly fought for his cause. How strange that a king, in youth so brave, should, in his later years, prove himself such a coward!

The lands of Barryscourt are in high cultivation, showing another pleasant picture of local employment given by the proprietor.

Adjoining this demesne is Footy, the owner of which is an absentee, living at a place of his in Cheshire.

Castlemartyr, in its thriving neatness, brings before us the beneficial effects of a resident proprietor. The demesne, adjoining the village, has been kept in beautiful order, thereby giving employment weekly to numerous labourers. Some years since there was a first-rate kennel here, and the Castlemartyr hunt was famous through the country; but the pack is broken up, and the noble proprietor only one among the many that severely feels the pressure of the times.

On to Cloyne from Castlemartyr, to see the Round Tower and Cathedral. The ascent up the first-named, by seven of the steepest of ladders,

brings us to a beautiful view of the sea, and well-cultivated country lying around, and for some days, at least, pains in our legs remind us of it.

At Aghadoe Pier, a steamer is smoking and a bell ringing as we arrive, and we return delightfully to Cork in the cool evening air.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MESMERIC SÉANCE. — PHRENO - MESMERISM. — NUMBER OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS IN CORK. — FATHER MATHEW'S CHAPEL.—INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF MR. O'CONNELL. —FATHER MATHEW'S CEMETERY.—NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF CORK.—EXPORTS OF CORK.

A KIND old friend took me yesterday to a mesmeric *séance*, in the town of C——, which was most interesting, as Doctor F—— is a sincere believer in mesmerism, having tested its efficacy in the cure of various patients variously affected, and bringing no theory forward that he has not proved from personal experience.

In witnessing mesmeric cases at public lectures, as I have done, one cannot help feeling sceptical, and a certain distrust of the lecturer or mesmerist will arise, when gain, not mere love of science, calls forth their trials of mesmerism. But here was a person who evidently wished to convince us of the truth of what he firmly believed himself.

He spoke simply, yet energetically, of mesmerism, yet honestly owned that to talk about the science, and profess to understand it, as some lecturers did, is what he could not do.

All persons, he told us, were not indued with equal mesmeric powers, as all persons have not the same nervous system. He himself had never been mesmerised, and on several occasions he had failed to produce the mesmeric sleep.

One case he mentioned of a young lady suffering from a nervous spinal complaint, that for weeks he had ineffectually tried to mesmerise. He named to her one of her acquaintances—a complete sceptic, too, of the mesmeric doctrine—who had the power of mesmerising her. He was prevailed on to try, and in five minutes put the patient into a profound sleep.

Dr. F—— exhibited for us, as he told us, his “best patient,” a delicate-looking boy of about twelve years of age, who had been sent to him for a general debility, from which he had recovered him. He placed him on a sofa, and sat himself at a table about three yards apart, and only glanced at him from time to time. An interval of three minutes passed; the boy had naturally and gradually fallen asleep; then Doctor F—— came over to him, raised his arm; his touch instantly mes-

merised it, and it remained extended and quite stiff until he reversed the passes, and then it fell de-mesmerised by his side.

He asked me to try if I could mesmerise the arm. Having taken off my glove, I raised it, and even tried several passes, but without the slightest effect. Another of our party then tried, and her touch had instant effect; her passes completely stiffened the arm, and, reversing them, she de-mesmerised it.

Next, Doctor F—— gave us specimens of phreno-mesmerism; he first touched the organ of tune and the boy hummed an air in a low tone; he “excited” the organs of self-esteem and firmness, and the boy sung much louder, and then he breathed on the organs, thereby, as he explained, doing away with the mesmeric touch. He successively “excited” the organs of motion and of caution: the first caused the boy to walk quickly and carelessly, and the second restrained his steps into a very cautious pace. Then Doctor F—— touched the organ of alimentativeness, or gustativeness, and holding the boy by the hand he took a draught of water, the boy at the same time made the effort of drinking. On exciting the organ of language he said he was drinking water; then Doctor F—— whispered to us that

he would will the water to be beer and milk, which he did, and the patient appeared to drink as before, and answered that he drank beer and milk. I watched the boy's eyes, and they were fast closed. It would be very easy to imagine an understanding, without any mesmeric influence, between the Doctor and his patient, but here there was no disguise to attempt to deceive us.

After many similar experiments of this kind he awoke the boy, who certainly, for some minutes, seemed very drowsy; after a little time he placed him outside the door, and then again mesmerised him by "concentrating his will on him," and during this sleep, Doctor F—— and each of us pinched and pulled the poor boy, who was quite insensible to pain, and when he was awakened he remembered nothing of it.

This little *séance* was to me very interesting from the entire reliance we could place on the mesmerist. In these days of discoveries it is difficult to find anything to surprise the searcher of the marvellous; and mesmerism, with all that has been written upon it, seems now a thoroughly "used-up" wonder. But in that quiet old town, with the simple country doctor, full of faith in the science he acknowledged too wonderful to comprehend, there was in that little trial of

mesmerism much to think on, and very much to awaken interest.

Cork can boast of a great number of churches and chapels. In our inspection of them we entered a small Gothic Catholic one, begun many years ago by Father Mathew, and, like many other designs in Ireland, left in an unfinished state, the enterprise proving too great for the capital.

The citizens of Cork, to honour their apostle of temperance, are now finishing the building by subscriptions in his absence in America.

Over the altar is a large painted-glass window, on the lower part of which, almost hidden from general observation by the decorations of the altar, is the following inscription:—

“Sacred in gratitude and affection to the memory of Daniel O’Connell, the liberator of his fellow Catholics from the inflictions of the penal code, and asserter of equal rights of all communions to civil and religious freedom.

“R. I. P.”

Those who honour Mr. O’Connell’s memory with “gratitude and affection,” will condemn this very perishable record of their remembrance

of him, and will join me in saying that the three hundred pounds collected in this city for a suitable monument had been far better employed in erecting some lasting memorial where all might see it, than in expending the money on a church window, that has not even the merit of being a handsome one.

From churches to church-yards is a natural transit, and this morning we wandered about Father Mathew's cemetery, situated at some little distance from the city, at its southern side.

This burial-ground is an imitation of the celebrated one of Père la Chaise, in Paris. There are monuments innumerable, some in excellent taste; and there are the fitting ornaments of a grave-yard, "bright, bright flowers," emblems, in their bloom and speedy decay, of many a young spirit reposing beneath them; and there are rare trees and shrubs, for the site was once a botanical garden.

The charge for the graves for the poorer classes here is very moderate, and, to judge by their number, many apparently of recent date, the mortality in Cork seems to have been very great indeed.

By a newly-made grave we came upon a fine young woman, who, on her knees by it, "told

her beads," with all the fervour of an Irish spirit, and down whose cheeks tears freely coursed. By her lay a curly-headed urchin, of a very few years old, his head reclining against the grave, his up-turned face, in the bloom and smiles of childhood, looking at the strangers as they drew near, all unconscious of the mystery of death so close beside him; yet his father, that he had loved so well a short month ago, lay beneath that grave, and the poor widow is come to bid him farewell, for she sails with her brother for America to-morrow.

The natural advantages of Cork are very great indeed; all around it lies a rich agricultural country. Its situation is most admirably adapted for a manufacturing town, and the merits and the beauties of its fine harbour are beyond dispute.

Whether the present discussions as to its eligibility as an American Packet Station will terminate favourably, seems very uncertain; but the chance of its being chosen as a port of call is, I am told, very likely.

The present very great export of Cork is its butter, which is highly esteemed, and is supplied to a great amount by the neighbouring county of Kerry.

We hear that the breweries and distilleries here had suffered much from the “cold water-system” of Father Mathew, but that during recent years business to a considerable extent has been renewed in them, and highly profitable business too, owing to the fall in grain, and the decline in water-drinking.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNION OF CHARITY.

A VISITOR for some months in the town of G——, during the year 1847, I had ample opportunities of knowing its saddening records, and the following little sketch is inscribed, as a trifling tribute, to the genuine worth which formed such a Union of Charity.

Heaven's choicest blessings on that zealous benevolence which shone forth in the time of need, and ten thousand blessings on those true-hearted English friends that knew no differences of country or of creed in the dark hour of Ireland's want, but nobly succoured their starving brethren; tenfold may each kind, generous contributor be repaid in years of unblighted happiness in their prosperous English homes.

Far and wide-spread through Ireland has been the desolation which the round of the past year brought in its course; the sad bearer it has been

of unutterable woe to many, of sorrowing to all ; for who could unmoved look on, or hear of, the miseries of gaunt famine, and its attendant evils of poverty, disease, and death ?

In no spot in this all-afflicted land were the trials of 1847 more severely felt than in the small country town of G——, situated in the midst of the loveliest mountain scenery. Fearful were the ravages of famine within its peaceful homes, changing scenes of comfort and contentment to scenes of bitter sufferings ; and many a kind, warm heart was silenced there for ever, and breaking hearts left to mourn.

But, blighted as it was in almost unprecedented misery, it was doubly blessed by an all-wise Providence in the rare benevolence of its inhabitants, whose charitable exertions were untiring, and who knew no enjoyment in the plenty of affluence whilst their fellow-men lay perishing from want.

To try to alleviate the overwhelming distress of the poorer classes in January, 1847, a visiting relief society was organized, comprising all the ladies of the town and immediate neighbourhood, and it was under the guardianship of the clergymen of both religions.

The Society had a weekly meeting every Wednesday : there were two lady-presidents, two

secretaries, and a treasurer, and business was never more satisfactorily managed than in that humble meeting-room in rural G——.

The town was divided into twelve districts; to each three or four ladies were appointed as visitors, and one of them kept a book in which the names of the poor in her district were registered, the number of their families, their employments, and capabilities of employment, and an exact return of the relief afforded to the several families.

At least once every week the ladies visited every house into which poverty had found entrance. This system of visiting had peculiar advantages; the poor felt their wants were cared for, and they deeply loved the self-sacrificing zeal that brought the wealthy to their side.

What a frightful chaos of utter misery came to light in these visitations? What enduring struggles of lives of abject want were found registered in the dark back-lanes of G——! The wearing of life slowly but surely away in ceaseless sufferings. And, O God, bless those “ministering angels” that came forth in that hour of trial and comforted the afflicted and solaced the weary spirits on a meeting-day.

I accompanied my young friend, Alice Cunningham, to the committee-room of the Ladies’

Society, which was in a house on the skirts of the town.

My young friend stopped to speak to some acquaintances, and I turned to gaze on the beautiful landscape. It was a bright sunny day; a slight frost had cleared the air, and the lofty mountains around us were capped with snow; their varied forms were clearly defined against the deep blue horizon. A healthy common lay before me, in the centre of which gleamed a tiny lake, with a bordering of frost-work glistening in the sun's beams.

Some children were playing around it, and ruffling its surface with stones, and it struck me how often in this troubled world, when the surface looked most bright, most fair, was the calm destroyed by careless hands.

The meeting-room on our entrance was well filled by old and young and middle-aged ladies: there were present, too, three gentlemen whom I discovered to be clergymen. An elderly lady presided,—she had the sweetest expression of countenance I ever looked on, and her feeling heart spoke in the tear that trembled in her soft grey eye, as with the gentle earnestness of manner she spoke of the ready benevolence which the calls of suffering Ireland had met.

One of the secretaries read the list of contribu-

tions since the last day's meeting. I listened eagerly. There were names among the contributors familiar to the great and good in prosperous England : there were names familiar in poor sorrowing Ireland ; there were contributions from France, and from powerful America ; and I marked many an anxious glance towards the treasurer as she divided the sum into twelve parts, and allotted one to each district.

“ How delightful, Alice,” said a very young girl near me to my friend ; “ we get 10*l.* this week to distribute in our district, and last week we had but 3*l.*”

The meeting lasted three hours. The several district-books were carefully looked over ; not a shilling of the funds was misapplied. Alice then joined the two ladies named to her district, and with them I went on their mission of charity.

The following too true record of our first visit on that day will best illustrate my sketch of the “ Union of Charity.” We stood before a wretched cabin, from which the thatch was partly blown away ; we pushed in the half-closed door, and when we could see in the dim light within, after the glare of the bright sunshine outside, we saw the utter desolation of that miserable home. It

was one room, and the only window had been darkened.

A tall, and apparently young woman, stood up from a broken stool ; she held two children to her breasts—one a young baby, and the other a child of a year old ; she was suckling both.

By the few dying embers on the hearth crouched the husband, in a state of complete stupor from the fever of starvation ; his haggard cheek told its own tale. By him, on the floor, sat a pretty child of four years old, with her curly head resting on his knee. She had fallen asleep, and her poor little thin arm was round the neck of a dog who lay beside her, and who moaned piteously from time to time.

On a heap of straw by the fire,—yet fire it could not be called—lay a young woman in fever, covered with a tattered cloak.

I looked around for some signs of comfort. Of furniture, the miserable dwelling alone contained a tottering table, on which was a wooden bowl, a broken cup, and one plate : there was a turf basket in one corner, and some straw in another.

The pale mother's clothing, and that of the children, was scanty in the extreme ; for clothes and articles of furniture had been sold, one by one, to keep death away.

“ We are come with relief to you, my good

woman," said one of the visitors; "you shall have food for the children, some medicines and drinks for the sick; try to hope for better days."

"Relief! food! oh, God! oh, God!" exclaimed the poor woman wildly, and she threw herself on her knees, and convulsive sobs almost choked her utterance. "Oh, God is good! Praise be to his holy name," burst from her inmost heart, in the unmistakable accents of real piety. "Oh, Bill, my darling," said she, embracing her husband; "don't you hear relief—food? Cheer up, don't be down-hearted; we'll get food for the children; you'll get drinks, ma chree, and the children and the old dog won't cry any more with the hunger," and tears came freely from a breaking heart.

And what was the tale this forlorn family had to tell? Alas! a too common one, of despairing want, stamped in characters of woe in the flight of the past year.

The poor husband, a labourer, with ten pence *per diem*, had cheerfully toiled to support his family; and, in ordinary years of plenty, the very moderate sum of five shillings weekly had kept them from want. But famine came, and famine prices, and one scanty meal each day was all they could hope for, and not once during nine

weeks had the mother eaten enough. She was starving herself for her husband and children, and a look at her wasted form spoke the truth of this.

Ten days before our visit the husband had returned, late at night, from his work; fever was on him, and since then he had been too ill to resume his occupation.

On the common, near the town, he had found a poor stranger, lying almost senseless with an infant in her arms. She was an English woman who had married an Irish carpenter in Liverpool, and had come over with him to Ireland the previous autumn. He had died of fever, and she found herself reduced to the extremity of want, perishing with her baby, when the poor labourer brought her to his lowly home, where she lay so kindly cared for by utter strangers.

The mother took the starving baby to her bosom, and suckled it as tenderly as she did her own; and it throve surprisingly, and laughed and crowed, all unconscious of the misery looked on.

The wretched family that day had literally tasted nothing. The little child, asleep near the sick father, and a brother who was not in the cabin, had lived the previous day on some curds from the whey which the poor mother had sold her

petticoat to buy for her husband and the stranger. She had eaten herself a handful of meal, given to her by a poor neighbour, and the peels of some turnips her little boy had brought to her ! and with this food she strove to nurse two children !

The very beautiful legend told us in “Childe Harold,” of the daughter preserving her father’s life, is scarcely more touching than this.

“Oh mammy ! mammy !” exclaimed a fine little boy about eight years old, running into the dark cabin, “here is some soup a good gentleman in the street gave me tickets for ;” and seeing strangers, he blushed and put the jug of soup near his mother.

“And have you taken none of it ?” asked Alice, for his pale thin face told of hunger.

“No, Miss, I did not,” said he, “I came away with it from the soup-house the minute I got it ;” and, pointing to his mother, he added, in a whisper,—“She must be very hungry, for she never eats !”

The good little boy ! how his eyes gleamed with joy as he fed his little sister from the broken tea-cup, and the poor dog got his share.

An elderly lady of our party—a Joe Hume in her way—asked why they kept a dog, and times so very bad ?

The mother said she could not part with that

dog, for he had belonged to a brother that died, and was left to her care by another brother, who had gone the previous year to America.

A few hours effected a happy change in this miserable dwelling. The poor father was removed to the Fever Hospital. Alas ! it was crowded to excess ; but the good physicians were untiring in their attendance, and, to leave the poor man in his lowly home, risked the lives of its inmates.

An abundant supply of fresh straw was laid down for the sick stranger—a warm blanket replaced the tattered cloak ; the fire was kindled, the hearth swept up, the patient mother and the children were supplied with necessary clothing, and a substantial meal given to them.

What dried their tears that night but the “ Union of Charity ? ”

The benevolent Society of Friends had supplied the Society with rice, meal, and biscuits : a Ladies’ Clothing Society in England had sent a large supply of ready-made clothes to G——, and an Irish Society had sent money, which was laid out in straw and blankets. And was all this generous relief mis-applied ?

In three days we again visited this poor family ; we found the poor wife crying bitterly, with a subdued sorrow ; her second child was dying of

fever, and close beside her little bed of straw lay the dog, watching her every motion.

The husband had died that morning in the Hospital ; and, added to her grief for him, was the horror that he whom she had loved so tenderly should be buried without a coffin.

“ Oh ! to think that the hungry worms should eat away the heart that was so good and so kind to me and the children ! ” exclaimed she, passionately ; “ that the mouth that was never opened with one angry word to me should have no covering but the cold sod ! ” and such floods of tears, as I trust never again to witness, came from her breaking heart.

The child died that night, and it was buried in a large decent coffin with the father. The evening of the funeral the poor widow called on us ; she was scarcely able to utter her thanks, and a fervent blessing, spoken with sobs, best told her deep gratitude.

A month from our first visit saw the widow in renewed health, nursing still the stranger’s baby, and attending carefully its poor mother, who was yet too weak to leave the humble shelter that had saved her life.

The Society had furnished the widow with employment in spinning and knitting ; and though her gains were small they helped to support her

family, and her boy worked cheerfully every day on some public works.

At a weekly meeting the kind lady-president mentioned the case of the poor English stranger, and a private subscription was quickly raised for her: it seemed only like paying the interest of her country's charity. In a few weeks more she was able to leave the wretchedness of G——, and join her own family in Liverpool.

Scenes upon scenes of heart-rending misery came quickly upon each other in G——; the beautiful summer shone in almost redoubled sunshine, shining on human sufferings in their most harrowing forms.

A visit to our poor widow's cabin, on a lovely June afternoon, brought us a pleasing surprise. She had just got a letter from her brother in America, enclosing her ample money to pay her passage to Boston, and that he urged her to join him is most true. She left G—— with a grateful heart, her two children in health and strength, and we heard of their safe arrival in America, of the brother's welcome, of his especial joy in seeing his dog again, and of the poor widow's prospect of a life of comfort.

The stranger accompanied them from Liverpool, and I hope that in their new life, free from

all want, they may remember their past days of misery with beneficial results.

In November, 1847, the Ladies' Relief Society of G—— was dissolved. How many lives were preserved, how much misery softened by their gentle ministry, none save an eye-witness of that misery can imagine !

Forty-seven is past, and may poor suffering Ireland never see a return of such a season ! yet, side by side with many a black tale of woe, rise the bright deeds of blessed self-sacrificing charity in the annals of its circle. On high may they be recorded in the annals that no time can efface ! ”

CHAPTER XXIX.

MALLOW. — EXCELLENT MANAGEMENT OF ITS UNION WORK-HOUSE. — YOUGHAL. — CAPPOQUIN. — VISIT TO MOUNT MELLARAY. — A PROTESTANT HORSE. — MONASTERY ON MOUNT MELLARAY. — ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

A NOT very rapid transit by railway in these days of speed, brought us from Cork to Mallow, a distance of about twenty miles. The town is a pretty one, a richly cultivated country lying partly about it. After visiting its old castle, we turned our steps to the Poor-house, my visit in 1844 to the Tralee Poor-house, being full in my mind.

The Union Work-house is situated on the side of a hill, close to the Railway, and not far from the Station ; its internal arrangements, especially the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere apparent, gratified us much. Indeed, if such a visit failed in recalling to our minds the disastrous state to which the country is now reduced, we might have derived unmixed pleasure from it.

But, making every allowance for the admixture of this bitter ingredient, much remained to strike us at the time, and to be deemed worthy of record in after moments.

Industry, as far as the regulations of the Poor Law Commissioners will permit, was everywhere encouraged. The young inmates—who form a very large proportion of the whole, more than half at the period of our visit—returned as being under fifteen years of age, were particularly attended to, and it was most pleasant to see the perfect neatness of their dress.

Trades of various kinds are taught them, and their labours are applied to the support of the House. Thus nearly all the clothing used is manufactured within the establishment, and a doubly useful result is attained: the inmates are saved from the pernicious consequences of idleness—dangerous always, but in a crowded work-house, absolutely fatal,—and, on the other hand, the rate-payers are saved from a vast and unnecessary expense, the first cost of the materials being almost the sole item which they have to defray.

It is, also, hopeful to think, that these young creatures will be enabled in after years to earn a competence by the exercise of that skill and industry to which they have been trained, whether as emigrants to a distant clime in which there

may be scope and prospect of profit for their labours, or in the still more cheering, but alas ! too unlikely event of a renewed demand for the handiwork of the Irish artizan in the afflicted land of his birth.

While on the subject, it would be unjust to omit a tribute of praise to the guardians of the Mallow Union for the excellent way in which not only the work-house, but the general business of the union is managed.

They have had one great help in the shape of the Great Southern and Western Railway, the works of which traverse the union from north to south along what mathematicians would call its major diameter. This has enabled them to get rid of that great difficulty which has beset the Poor Law administration in most parts of the south and west of Ireland—the concession of outdoor relief.

But this alone would not have sufficed, had not the board of guardians been composed of men adequate to the trying occasion, and combining a due consideration of the real wants of the poor, with a prudent attention to the burthens on the property of their district.

There has also been an absence of those divisions, or rather squabbles, which in some other unions have reflected so much disgrace on the

country, and caused such permanent injury to her best interests.

Whether it has been the class interests of landlords and tenants that have been arrayed one against the other in a fictitious but most destructive hostility ; whether it has been the senseless outcry of a specious but spurious philanthropy that has shown an indiscriminating sympathy with that poverty which comes on the rates for relief, quite forgetting the nearly equal, but more deserving poverty, which struggles to earn the means of paying those very rates ; or, worst of all, whether religious discussions have been introduced to aggravate the bitterness of other subjects of contention ; certain it is, that in all these cases not only have the hands of the sneerer and the scoffer against Ireland been strengthened, but all prospect of amelioration must be postponed until the day when these dissensions shall be healed, and the hostile parties brought to the conviction that in a crisis of affairs like the present, their first and greatest duty is to co-operate for the common welfare, irrespectively of all differences of class, of race, of political opinions, or of religious faith.

“ Hold !” cries M——, “ we have had quite enough of this ; we are travellers by the way side, and must not linger too long over grave discussions on these serious subjects.”

Bidding adieu to Cork at seven o'clock, a hazy misty morning, we come by a river steamer to Queenstown, thence by a row-boat to Aghadoe pier, where we hire cars to convey us to Youghal.

A pleasant drive through a well-cultivated country brings us to that old town, a hasty inspection of which we have only time for, as the tiny steamer that is to convey us to Cappoquin is smoking at the quay, and in it we steam up the noble Blackwater.

Most beautiful the river is winding round richly wooded head-lands, the first tinges of autumn showing among the trees. Now we have a pretty cottage peeping out, now a handsome country-house, and now a ruined, and now a modern castle.

The tide and current are both against us, but the weather is delicious, and it is pleasant to loiter amid such scenery. Late in the evening we land at Cappoquin, and willingly profit by the hospitality of its modest "Inn."

A pilgrimage to Mount Mellaray is our next morning's work. Modern pilgrims as we are, we travel not in "sandal shoes and scallop shell," but on the unfailing car, with a goodly array of blue and green veils and parasols to preserve the ladies' complexions.

There is a gradual ascent from Cappoquin to Mount Mellaray, and one of our horses evidently

dislikes the pilgrimage very much, for beating and coaxing are alike unavailing in inducing him to do more than turn round and round with the car.

“He ’s a Protestant horse, yer honour, bought from a parson, and doesn’t like to go to the monks,” said an idler among the many collected around us.

However, his Anti-Catholic notions were effectually removed by a draught of whiskey, and he took us very briskly to the convent.

The distance from Cappoquin is about three miles, and as we neared the plain grey monastic pile, the perfect stillness of its mountain solitude struck us forcibly, broken as we came up the avenue by a sweet-toned bell tolling the Angelus.

We were shown into a visitor’s parlour, where a brother waited on us and offered to point out what was permitted to be seen in the monastery. The room we were then in was that occupied by Mr. O’Connell during his visit and retreat here in 1838.

The land around the convent has been brought into high cultivation by the labour of the monks. It was on their arrival a bleak barren tract, and now thriving crops attest their skill as agriculturists.

An interesting boys’ school is attached to the

monastery, and on our examining a junior class in it, in their catechism, in reading, arithmetic, and the elements of geography, we found that the good monks are as successful tillers of the mental as of the earthly soil.

Walking about the eastern buildings and the garden we saw different monks at their trades and occupations, not one raised their eyes to look at the strangers, but diligently continued their work.

The rule followed here, the same as that of La Trappe, is most severe; the monks preserve a perpetual fast on vegetable diet, and a perpetual silence—the abbot, the guest-brother, and those brothers employed in the school are of necessity exempted from the latter observance.

These monks are settled here since 1831, when they were expelled from France, and Sir Richard Rane gave them a lease of 999 years, at a nominal rent, of 575 acres of waste mountain-land, which their patient industry has brought to its present aspect.

Ah, would that their industrious perseverance could find imitators throughout Ireland, and then our uncultivated tracts of country would yield subsistence to the hundreds who toil for it in distant homes.

We entered the church, a very simple building,

the gentlemen of the party being allowed to walk through the choir, whilst the ladies were only permitted a survey of it from the "Rood-loft."

There were some monks at prayer in their stalls, looking like statues, so immovable were they ; yet the strangers must have recalled their thoughts to the absent world.

The guest-brother touched the organ for us, and the air he played was from a requiem mass, so appropriate to the living-death of the brotherhood.

On our return to the little parlour a frugal luncheon of monastic fare was set before us, and we bid Mount Mellaray adieu, pleased with our pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XXX.

LISMORE. — FERMOY. — RETURN TO DUBLIN. — FALLING OFF IN TRADE. — SUPPOSED CONSEQUENCES OF ABOLISHING THE VICEROYSHIP. — DECREASE IN POPULATION. — EMIGRATION THE CHIEF CAUSE. — EMIGRATION LIKELY TO CONTINUE. — LOVE OF FATHERLAND. — REFLECTIONS ON EMIGRATION.

THE drive from Cappelquin to Lismore is through a finely wooded and rich country, and the latter town very prettily situated and quite gay now with the hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire.

Lismore was anciently a place of great renown, famous for its university, in which King Alfred is said to have studied. The Castle is very picturesquely situated overhanging the Blackwater, and the window is shown from which James the Second drew back in a fright when he saw the height from which he looked.

Fermoy is our next halting-place, and is favoured, too, in its situation. In its neighbourhood are several very handsome country residences: a

few years ago the scenes of delightful hospitality, now mostly deserted, grass growing on the uncared for walks, and many of them being sold by their owners.

1851.

A fine line of railway is open from Cork to Dublin, and too truly we see that the latter city has not improved since our last visit.

There are many shops shut up, which were then in apparently thriving business, houses to be let, and estates by hundreds for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court.

This falling off in the trade and prosperity of the city is only the beginning of what must be expected, we are assured, if the Lord Lieutenant be removed from Ireland.

To listen to all the arguments used in favour of keeping the Viceroy in the country, a stranger would imagine the whole population of Dublin was dependent for its daily bread on the actual expenditure of the Castle Court,—yet this is not so ; a few tradesmen may be benefited, but no real friend of Ireland can believe the tenure of the office necessary, or even beneficial to the best interests of the country.

Wiser pens than mine will decide the question.

though assuredly not one will be guided by a more sincere wish for the independent prosperity of Ireland.

Many tell me that what will most seriously affect the future prospects of the country is, the immense decrease of late years in the population; the official returns of the census this year showing a falling off in numbers of over two millions; and going back we find that the population of 1821 exceeded that of 1851 by 296,033; and yet between 1831 and 1841 there was an increase of 407,723.

Famine and pestilence have sorely thinned the numbers; but it is emigration that has really decimated the country, sending thousands, alas! in the prime and vigour of life to seek a livelihood in foreign lands.

Those who regret this enormous decrease, judge favourably, and it may be a little too sanguinely of the capabilities of Ireland to support her millions;—no one can deny the fertility of her soil, nor the thousands of acres of waste lands, wanting, however, it should be remembered, capital as well as hands to make them productive.

All who know the country and its people agree that emigration will not stop here. Strong family affections are stronger even than the love of an

Irishman for the land of his birth ; and as year after year goes by, the different members of the family left in Ireland, have worked, and will work, their way through almost incredible hardships and privations to join their emigrant son or brother in America. Letters come to the old home, telling of the more hopeful destiny that awaits them in their new home ; and, on this encouragement, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends leave poor Ireland ; yet often, as I have seen, with breaking hearts.

So true it is that nature has deeply laid within us the love of country ; and however distant the land in which our fates have been cast, our thoughts fondly and faithfully revert to our fatherland.

“ We love our parents,” says Cicero, “ we love our children, relations and friends ; but the love of country includes in itself the universal love of all.” “ Nor should we love our country the less,” writes the same author, “ because she is deformed with calamities ; we should rather pity her.”

“ It is well that the tide of emigration should continue,” says the political economist, “ for Ireland cannot support her superabundant population.” And it is well for many among the emigrants

to go do I feel, for the country is too poor to keep them.

Years must pass before she can cease to suffer from the heavy burden of the poor-rates ; and should the experiences of the past land-owners teach the present generation a useful lesson—should the relations of landlord and tenant, and tenant and landlord, each “sinned against and sinning,” be radically improved, Ireland will see brighter days, and be able to welcome back her own.

A few years hence and we know that the vast flow of immigration will have converted many an acre of primeval forest in Western America into complete Irish villages ; the race springing up there may have improved in thrifty industrious habits, but constant in the traditions of its faith and its fathers, it will still cling with love to the old land ; and the children and children’s children will learn that Ireland ever will be :—

“More dear in *its* sorrow, *its* gloom, and *its* showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.”

Our wanderings in Ireland, past and present, end here. Pausing in retrospect, the past comes now vividly before me in painful contrast with the present, and I see the smiling faces that beamed

kindly welcomes on us in many a pleasant home : in the former, alas ! how altered in the latter by the changes of the times.

Ah ! would that I could believe as earnestly as I wish it, “There’s a good time coming,” and that a happy future will obliterate the wrongs of Ireland past, and soften the remembrance of the sufferings of Ireland present !

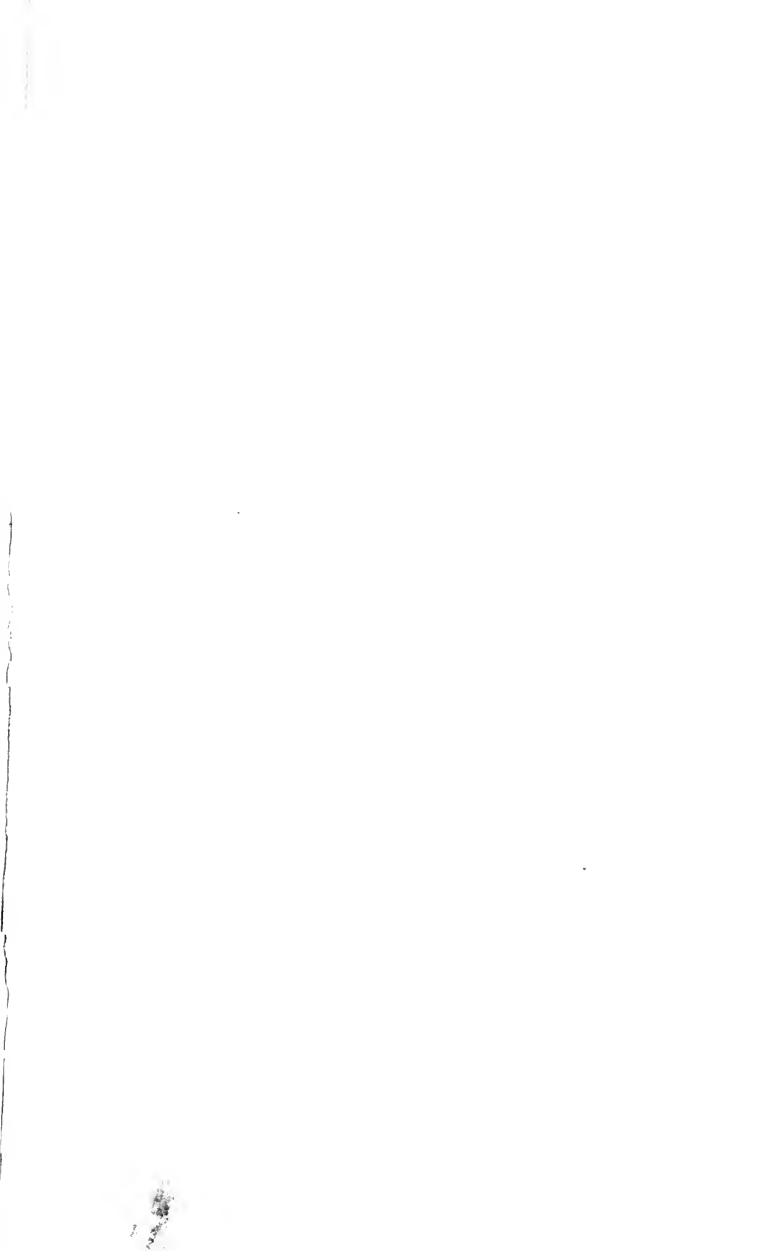
THE END.

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